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LITTLE THINGS.

BY F. A. M.

A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go;
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare,
After the toil of the day;
And it smooths the furrows plowed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, you are kind—
I love you, my dear—each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find,
For love is tender and love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

LOVE FOR A DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THAT evening Lady Yorke came to my room. She was always kind and considerate to me.

"You have not been well to-day, Miss Chester. Masham tells me that you have had one of your bad headaches. Are you better? You look very pale and changed in some way. I came to ask you if you would bring your music to the drawing-room this evening. It would be a great help to me."

I thought for a few moments before I answered her. I could crush down my own pain and anguish, for I had plenty of self-control; and I longed to see Mark's wife. How the words pierced my heart—"Mark's wife!" I kissed the white jewelled hand laid so kindly on my shoulder, and said what was true—that I would do anything to please Lady Yorke.

"If you feel tired," she said, "do not join us for a little while; come later on. And, Miss Chester, make yourself look nice. We must not let Lady Severne think herself the handsomest woman in the world. Bring some of your best songs. Lord Severne is very fond of music."

I know that. Had I not sung to him a hundred times by the river and in the woods?

That evening it seemed to me that I was about to rival Mark's wife. Was it foolish or wicked that I went to my wardrobe for the long plain blue silk dress that Mark liked, and that made the most of my golden hair, that I found some white roses for it, and that I tried to look bright and happy while my heart was dead?

I need not speak of the other guests. My story deals only with Mark and Mark's wife. Lady Yorke introduced me to all her visitors. I had gone to the drawing-room before the gentlemen had left the dining-room. I could not have entered with Mark looking at me. I remember no names, no faces; my whole soul seemed waiting until we reached Mark's wife.

"Lady Severne," said the clear voice by my side; and, raising my eyes, I saw Mark's wife—the most beautiful, brilliant, dazzling woman I had ever beheld.

She had the vivid bloom of a carnation, a face of exquisite Grecian type, a wide low brow, straight dark eyebrows, lovely mouth, though the lines and curves were rather proud than tender, a beautiful chin with a delicious dimple. As I thought of Mark kissing those lovely lips, the pain in my heart was more bitter than death. A superb woman, with dark blue eyes and dark hair, she was dressed in white velvet, relieved by a rich bordering of purple heart's-ease; a diamond necklace clasped the white firm throat, a diamond cross lay on her white breast; and the very moment I stood before her I noticed the sweet odor of violets.

Mark's wife! She looked at me with a kindly smile; and then I noticed that there was something peculiar in her face. I did not like it, beautiful, brilliant as it was. There was a vague inexplicable something a metallic brightness in the eyes, a hard peculiar color on her cheeks.

Love for Mark, interest quickened by affection, made me wonder, and, as I looked at her, so beautiful, so brilliant, I asked myself, What was his sorrow? What was the secret that clouded his life? What was the mystery that sapped all the pleasure and happiness of his existence? What could it be?

Lady Severne drew aside the folds of her velvet dress, and asked me to take a seat by her side.

"Lady Yorke tells me that you have a beautiful voice, Miss Chester," she said. "I hope you will sing for us. Lord Severne is very fond of music."

Long before her fair face had wiled Mark from me I knew that. What would she say if she knew that I was Mark's first love, that——? Ah, what nonsense! Was I mad? Mark was no longer for me. She talked to me kindly enough for a few minutes. I felt, rather than knew, that there was something strange about her, but I could not define it.

The gentlemen came in. My only hope lay in not looking at Mark. I was keenly, painfully conscious of his presence. I knew where he went; when he spoke, I heard no other sound. But my eyes never sought him. Even when Lady Yorke introduced me to him, I never saw him; but five minutes afterwards, when I went to the piano, the music fell from my nerveless hands. Ah, woe was me! The first song I found was "Remember and Forget."

There was no sound in the room as the last note died away. I knew they had gone straight to Mark's heart, for he left the group of ladies with whom he had been talking, and went to one of the great bay-windows. The May sun had set, and the light was dead in the sky.

Lady Yorke's voice broke the spell. She was asking for her favorite, and the words came readily to me—Virginia Gabriel's beautiful song "Ruby."

Was I dreaming, or did my own voice die away in a wail of pain—die in a long-drawn bitter sob?

Lady Yorke was near me, and I saw tears in her eyes.

"One more, Miss Chester," she said. "Your songs are so sad and so sweet, they take me out of this world. One more, if you are not too tired."

I had forgiven Mark not very long since; but the longing was upon me to make him feel, to pierce his heart with some little of the anguish which had pierced mine. Never mind what I suffered, if I could send my words flying like barbed arrows across the room.

I looked at him. The handsome profile stood out clearly and distinctly. He stood gazing through the long window at the night-sky. Ah, yes, I would sting him into feeling!

There was a little stir in the room when my song was finished. The last words rang through my brain—"Will be mine in the rest of God." I had touched him. All those other men and women were nothing to me—only shadows. They had no identity. I saw moving figures, I heard voices, but to me Mark was there alone.

I saw a quiver of pain pass over his face. I made him feel. Then, so true, so weak a woman was I that I longed to cross the room and kiss the pain away. The odor of violets came to me; Lady Severne was standing by my side.

"How exquisitely you sing, Miss Chester! You make me long for things that I have quite forgotten. How differently we should all live if we could lead our lives over again!"

The brilliant face was softened; the hard metallic light had died from her eyes. I liked her better in that moment than I had before. Then I heard Lady Yorke asking Mark to sing. I remembered the rich cheery voice that had trolled out many love-songs.

"You never refused to sing for me in Italy," said Lady Yorke; "why refuse here?"

"Lord Severne has a beautiful voice and a perfect ear," Lady Severne remarked, turning to me.

It comforted me just a little to remember that I had known that long before she did. An uncontrollable trembling came over me, for Mark stood by my side.

"Will you play Lord Severne's accompaniment?" asked Lady Yorke.

"I would rather not," I replied.

"I will," said Lady Severne; "I like to play for him."

Was he thinking of her or thinking of me? Not of me. He could not sing such words to me now; for the song he had chosen was Sullivan's beautiful "My Dearest Heart."

The lights and the flowers, the fair faces and jewels, swam before me. It seemed to me that I was faint and ill with the odor of violets. I went from the piano to the other end of the room. I could sing no more that night. A tall jardiniere, filled with exquisite white orchids, which stood near afforded me shelter, and from behind the white fragrant flowers I could come to me there, and said that I must rest. see and hear all that passed. Lady Yorke

"You musical people take so much out of yourselves," she said. "You throw your whole souls into your songs. Look at Lord Severne. Who is his 'dearest heart,' I wonder?"

"Lady Severne," I replied quickly.

But Lady Yorke shook her head.

"This is a marriage I cannot understand," she said slowly; "but I begin to see what Lord Severne's secret is."

I would have given worlds for courage to ask her to explain her words, but I did not dare to do so.

She left me, and I watched husband and wife. There was something between them—some shadow. She seemed to me half afraid of him. He regarded her closely. He was ill at ease if she said much, if she laughed or attracted much attention. He reminded me of some one who had the care of a froward child always on the point of breaking out into mischief. They never looked at each other with eyes of trust or love. I had not watched them one half-hour before I felt and saw that Mark was wretched.

What could it be? Lady Severne was beautiful, graceful, elegant, and well-bred. What could be wrong with her? There was something, I felt sure.

Later on that evening, when I sat with aching heart and tired eyes, longing for the hour of dismissal, Lady Yorke came to me again.

"You look so tired, Miss Chester," she said; "I will not ask you to sing."

We both glanced across the room to where Lady Severne, in her white velvet and diamonds, was the centre of a laughing group.

"How beautiful she is!" I said. The words seemed to be wrung from me in very bitterness of heart.

"Yes," said Lady Yorke. "It is a strange thing that the canker always eats the heart of the fairest rose;" and then, seeming vexed at her own words, she hastened to change the subject.

When she had gone, I looked earnestly at Mark's wife. What could be wrong with this beautiful woman? Nothing with her moral character, or she would not be here at Westwood. With all her nonchalance and indifference, there was no prouder woman living than Lady Yorke. She would not have associated with a duchess who had a blot on her character. There could be nothing of that kind. I saw no blemish in Lady Severne's manner. She was lively, animated, but not "fast;" she was witty and clever, but not "loud." I lost myself in conjecture. One thing only was quite plain to me—there was something wrong with Mark's wife, and between them there was no love.

The days that followed were busy ones. The month of May was bright and warm. Lady Yorke enjoyed pic-nics, and several were organized. Whatever flirtations were going on had no interest for me; I saw only Mark and Mark's wife. He and I never spoke, we never exchanged even a look; we were as perfect strangers. The only time we broke through our rule of silence was when he told me that he hoped I would forgive the intrusion of his presence, but that he could not leave Westwood so soon as he had intended; Lady Severne was not willing.

I did not go to any of the pic-nics. Lady Yorke seemed to understand that I was neither well nor happy just then, and she was very kind to me. I noticed that once or twice Lady Severne was absent. She remained at home while the others went, and on those days I saw uneasiness on Lady Yorke's face, and misery in Mark's eyes. On those occasions Lady Severne remained secluded in her own room, and her maid in strict attendance upon her.

That maid, Martha Glyde by name, was a puzzle to me. Prim, reticent, never using two words where one would suffice; kind, but with never a smile on her face; gentle, yet with a certain grim manner—to me she soon became a living mystery. I thought it so strange that a young and beautiful woman like Lady Severne should prefer a grim, old-fashioned, elderly person like Martha Glyde to a young and pretty maid with a fresh face and quick, tripping footsteps. Moreover, I was not sure in my own mind that Lady Severne did like her. The woman always assumed a tone of authority that I thought most unbecoming.

As yet I suspected nothing. I had no tangible reason for any of the shadowy fears that surrounded me. I had watched Lady Severne with eyes and instincts sharpened by love and by jealousy, but I saw nothing wrong.

One morning—it was almost the last in May, and the June roses were beginning to bloom—a pic-nic was arranged. Many of the county families had been invited. Lady Yorke had resolved upon giving an entertainment which should not soon be forgotten. A first-rate military band was one of the chief attractions, and every one looked forward to the day with delight. It had been decided to visit the old Abbey of St. Ninian—a magnificent ruin only a few miles from Woodheaton, and a favorite place of resort.

I was with Lady Yorke in her boudoir half an hour before the time for starting; she was telling me about her letters, when Lord Severne came to the door. Seeing me there, he did not enter. Lady Yorke went to him, and he spoke in a low tone of voice to her.

I could see that they were both angry and amazed. Then Lady Yorke spoke in

a soothing voice, as if she were trying to comfort him. Shortly afterwards he went away, and she returned to the writing-table, with a crimson flush on her face, and an angry gleam in her eyes. I saw that her hands trembled so that she could not hold her pen. She flung it impatiently upon the table.

"You must write this for me, Miss Chester," she said quickly; "I am vexed and grieved;" and she walked to the window, and stood for some minutes looking out.

I knew that it must be something about Mark's wife—my instinct told me so—but I could not solve the mystery. On the previous night she had been usually gay and animated. Indeed Lord Severne had hovered near her, as though she feared her high spirits might "carry her away." What then could be wrong this morning? His voice, when he spoke to Lady Yorke, was full of pain.

I was right; for, when the long line of carriages started with their loads of gay pleasure-seekers, Lady Severne was not there, and her husband's dark handsome face was clouded and distressed. I was weak enough, as I watched him from afar off, to stretch out my hands to him with a longing cry.

"Oh, Mark, my dear lost love, what has gone wrong with you?"

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY YORKE had left me very busy. I had many letters to write; I had several gifts of food and clothing to send away, some music and books to select, and I promised, if possible, to visit a poor woman who lay ill in one of the cottages outside Woodheaton. More work was before me I feared, than I could get through, but I began with a good will. I tried hard to keep my thoughts from wandering, but they would stray to Lady Severne. Why had she not made one of the pic-nic party? She had so often talked about St. Ninian's Abbey and wished to see it. Why had she remained at home? She could not be ill, or we should have heard of it; and I remembered that Lord Severne and Lady Yorke had spoken in anger rather in sorrow. It was perfectly clear that there was a mystery, but what was the nature of it I could not imagine.

I remembered how calm the day was. The sunshine was delightfully warm; and, as the drowsy, musical hum of the bees as they worked busily fell on my ears, I thought of that beautiful line—

"The bee is betrothed to the broom."

The birds were silent; there was but a faint murmur of the wind; the house was strangely still. Many of the servants had gone to the Abbey to be in attendance. I could hear quite plainly the rush of the river in the distance, and the tapping of leaves against the window-glass.

Once or twice I fancied that I heard a most unusual sound—whether it was a laugh, a scream, or a moan, I could not tell, for it was gone almost as soon as heard. I went down to the library in search of something that I needed for my writing. On the grand staircase I met Lady Severne's maid, Martha Glyde, and felt sure that she had the key of a bedroom door in her hand. She was taking some beef-tea, I thought, up-stairs, for she was carrying a covered basin. Martha had always a grim smile for me. I was one of her favorites. I stood impulsively.

"How is Lady Severne this morning?" I asked; and the smile died in a moment. A hard, cold, impenetrable look came into the honest face. "I am sorry she is ill," I continued.

"She is not"—"ill," the woman was going to say, I am sure; but she checked herself and substituted "well."

"I am sorry," I said; "for I know she wanted to see St. Ninian's. What is it—cold or headache?"

"I must make haste," replied Martha, ignoring my question; "her ladyship is waiting;" and she brushed past me with far less ceremony than usual. "Good morning, miss," she added hastily, as though she knew she had been abrupt.

An hour afterwards I had finished my writing and begun to pack the parcels of clothes that Lady Yorke had wished me to send away. My rooms were in the part of the house called the "Queen's wing;" Lady Yorke's suite of apartments was in the centre of the building; while the rooms set apart for the guests were in the western tower. Some of the clothes I wanted were in one of the wardrobes in a spare room. Crossing the broad corridors that led to the western tower, I was struck by the unusual silence. There was no sound of visitors or servants, but profound stillness—no hurry of footsteps, no voices.

I went to the cedar-room, opened the wardrobe, found what I required, and was on the point of re-closing it, when I heard a sound that froze the blood in my veins.

Was it a cry, a shriek? I could not tell—only that it was unearthly in its horror. I knew by the sound that it must have come from Lady Severne's apartments.

Half frantic with fear, the next minute I was rapping at her door.

"What is the matter, Lady Severne?" I cried. "Are you ill? Are you hurt?"

There was a moment of deathly silence. I turned the handle of the door, and found that it was securely locked.

"Who is there?" Martha Glyde called out.

"It is I—Miss Chester. What is the matter?" I replied.

"Nothing," was the curt reply.

"But, Martha, I heard Lady Severne scream. I am sure she is ill. Do let me in."

The next moment Martha had half opened the door, and I saw her face; it was white and angry—yes, and alarmed.

"Miss Chester," she said—and the effort to speak calmly was a great one—"do not try to come in. You will only make thing worse. Believe me, there is nothing the matter. Lady Severne is often hysterical. She is not ill; but she would be annoyed if she knew you were here."

I went away; but I retained my own belief that the scream I had heard was not hysterical. I wondered if Mark's wife could be mad; but I was not aware that people could be mad one day and sane the next.

I found that Lady Severne did not leave her room that day; nor did she join the dinner-party in the evening. Lady Yorke apologized for her, saying that she had taken cold through being out on the terrace on the previous evening, but that she hoped she would be better on the morrow. I saw Mark's face twitch and his lips quiver, but he spoke no word. There was a murmur of regret; for several of the gentlemen there would be no attraction that evening.

When the visitors retired, I remained to give Lady Yorke a report of all that she had left for me to arrange, and then I told her of the unearthly noise that I had heard coming from Lady Severne's room.

She looked at me with a strange expression on her face.

"Did you really hear this yourself, Miss Chester?" she asked.

"Certainly, just as I told you, Lady Yorke."

"Had any one been in those rooms, would they have heard it in the same fashion?" she asked.

"They must," I replied.

"Then," she said, speaking to herself rather than to me, "I must be seen to at once. Poor Lord Severne!"

I did not like to say any more; but I went to my room more unhappy than ever about Mark, more puzzled than ever about the mystery surrounding his wife.

I looked forward with some curiosity to seeing her the next day; but at breakfast-time came the apology—Lady Severne did not feel well enough to come down-stairs. Mark's face was a study, yet no one seemed to notice it except myself. The knowledge that there was a mystery in the house was painful to me. Lady Yorke too seemed distressed—not merely anxious, but distressed. I saw tears in her eyes; and, when we were alone, she sighed frequently and deeply, as though she had something on her mind.

In the evening, just before the dressing-bell rang, to my astonishment Martha Glyde rapped at the door of Lady Yorke's boudoir. She wanted "to speak to her ladyship most particularly," but she would not keep her long. I went away and left them together.

During dinner I saw that Lady Yorke was quite unlike herself, nervous, agitated, unequal to the occasion, and more than once she had glanced imploringly at Lord Severne.

Dinner over, I was not much surprised when a servant came to say that Lady Yorke wished to see me in her boudoir at once. I went. I had never seen the mistress of Westwood look so sad or so distressed before.

"Just turn the key in the door, Miss Chester," she said. "I want a few minutes' conversation with you without interruption."

I did as she wished, and then stood before her, wondering at her agitation, her pale face, the sorrow expressed in her whole demeanor. She wrung her hands, began to speak, and then hesitated.

"The fact is," she said, "I am at a loss what to say or how to begin. I feel the shame and the disgrace keenly, as though they were my own. I must tell you, but I do not know how."

"Is it—is it of Lady Severne?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied. "Thank you for breaking the ice thus far. It is of her I want to speak. You asked me once if anything were wrong with her, and I told you Yes, the canker was always at the heart of the fairest rose; the worm always destroys the sweetest bud."

"I remember, but I did not understand in the least," I said.

"Probably not. Lady Severne is beautiful, charming, she has many admirable qualities, she is very popular; but there is one fatal drawback, so fatal that all the other gifts are neutralized by it."

"What is it, Lady Yorke?" I asked anxiously.

"I am ashamed to tell you. They are almost the most horrible words that can be said of a woman, but they are unhappily true, Miss Chester. The fact is, Lady Severne drinks!"

I recoiled as though she had struck me a terrible blow; but Lady Yorke looked relieved at having told her horrible secret at last.

"It is true; she drinks!"

"But," I cried, aghast with horror, "she is a—a lady; it cannot be possible!"

"It is quite true, Miss Chester."

"Drinks!" Such a solution of the mystery had never occurred to me for one moment. If Lady Yorke had said, "She cheats at cards, she would rob her neighbor, she has committed murder"—even then I should not have felt so surprised. It was horrible to think that this beautiful woman, Mark's wife should be guilty of so degrading a vice.

"But how is such a thing possible?" I cried eagerly. "Surely she could avoid it if she would?"

"I cannot tell. She says it is a disease that seizes her and holds her fast in its clutches. At times, for weeks together, she is all that can be desired—a most agreeable, charming, fascinating woman; then for a few days she appears absolutely to lose all control over herself."

"But why do they let her have intoxicating liquors? Why not keep them from her?" I asked.

"They cannot. You may be sure that Lord Severne has tried everything; so has that faithful maid of hers, Martha Glyde. It is easier to soothe the paroxysms of the insane than to appease such a craving as hers. I have heard Martha say that when this horrible craving is on her, she will stoop to anything to get what she wants."

"How terrible!" I cried. "Oh, Lady Yorke, I wish I had not known it!"

"I am obliged to tell you," she said; "you may be sure that it is an unavoidable necessity. It is impossible that Lady Severne can remain in the western tower. Up to this present time no one in the house knows her secret, except her husband, Lord Yorke, Martha Glyde, you, and myself; but if she remains in the western tower, every one must guess it. Martha Glyde told me that she had never been so bad as she is now, and she begged me to remove her to where she could be neither seen nor heard. Every one thinks that she is ill; and it will occasion no remark if I say that she has asked for a quieter, warmer room. I thought," continued Lady Yorke, "if you were willing, I would give her the room next to yours in the 'Queen's wing.' There she will be quite safe; and you are so kind, Miss Chester, you are so gentle and good, that this pitiful case must touch your heart. Will you see her sometimes? You did me good; you might do her good. You reclaimed me from a life of idle self-indulgence; you might reclaim her."

"I will do anything you wish, Lady Yorke—anything."

"It will be a great relief to me if you will help Martha Glyde to remove the unhappy woman. I do not want Masham or any of the servants to know it. I must return to my visitors. I shall trust entirely to you."

She hastened away, leaving me horror-stricken and bewildered. Oh, Mark, my dear lost love, it would have been better had you died!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It was finely said by Socrates that the shortest and most direct road to popularity is "for a man to be the same that he wishes to be taken for." People are egregiously mistaken if they can ever attain to permanent popularity by hypocrisy, by mere outside appearances, and by disguising not only their language but their looks. True popularity takes deep root, and spreads itself wide; but the false falls away like blossoms; for nothing that is false can be lasting.

The Temperance Vow.

BY M. T. D.

MY brother Harry was coming home. He had been studying for the medical profession at the University of London. That was an event to awaken joyous emotions and numberless preparations in the whole household, from my pale cousin Alice to our stout energetic cook, who declared heartily, while she beat away furiously at some eggs, to be used for a cake very much in Harry's favor during his school-boy days, "that the sight of his merry face would do her more good than all the doctor's medicine in the world."

So we all agreed simultaneously, though none of us just then stood in any wonderful need of said medicine, except, indeed, our darling Alice. But alas! what potent charm could any physician find to bring back the rose, that for two years had been silently but surely withering away from that delicate cheek?

Alice Hale, my mother's orphan niece, for many years now a member of our household, was just as near a perfect character as any I have ever known.

Very beautiful she was, too. There was also everything about her that demanded and received tenderness. The timid, beseeching glance of her soft gray eye had averted many a storm from her mischievous schoolfellows; for never a teacher had been installed in our village school, however crabbed and strict with others, but had been at once melted by the gentle grace and serene loveliness of Alice's character.

And how every one grieved when little by little her strength gave way till she was seldom seen amid the woodland haunts and merry gatherings of her young companions!

Harry's coming, however, seemed to give reviving strength to the frail blossom we had so tenderly sought to guard from ill. Indeed, he seemed to bring new life and sunshine to the whole household with his bright, handsome face, and cheerful, laughing voice; and very proud was I to perceive the whole village likewise began to feel the nameless charm of his gay, frank manners, and to seek his society on all their festive occasions.

But presently I became aware of something—I could hardly define or realize what it was—that had stolen in upon us, and left in my mother's gentle face an anxious shade of care, and on my father's brow a gathering, ominous frown. Alice, too, looked wistfully and sadly at times into Harry's face, which would flush hot and confusedly beneath her gaze, with an expression I could not fathom. But a little time, and it was sadly enough explained to me.

We were sitting around the sofa where Alice reclined very late one evening, waiting for Harry's return from a fishing excursion in a neighboring county.

Alice and I chatted cheerfully; but my mother wandered restlessly to the window every now and then, and came back to her seat every time with a heavier sigh. Slowly the hours wore on.

Our talk died away, and we remained silent, scarcely daring to glance at each other's faces, lest we should discover there some new and dismal foreboding. Clear and distinct the hour of twelve rang out in the hall.

My father's face had grown so dark and stern, that mother, after another anxious peering forth into the darkness without, came to him and laid her hand beseechingly and deprecatingly upon his arm. He fondled the thin, white fingers, but his gloomy brow did not lighten.

"There he is!" exclaimed I, joyfully, as a rustling noise came to my ear. Every one turned towards the door, but all was silent again. It was not Harry.

"Alice, love, it is too late for you to be awake. You and May had better go now," said my mother, softly.

"Please let me stay," replied Alice in a whisper; "I could not sleep, and you would be so lonely."

But at that moment a footstep was heard on the gravel walk outside. This time there was no mistake; but surely not Harry's firm, elastic tread, that wavering, unsteady shuffling.

My poor mother's cheek grew ashy white, while a fiery light flashed in father's eye, as he laid a restraining hand upon her, as she attempted to go out into the hall, and said huskily, "Nay, let him come here into the peaceful family circle he has disgraced."

Every eye was turned to the door, and there, oh merciful heavens! could it be my darling brother, with that staggering

gait, those bloodshot eyes, and that foolish, imbecile smile?

I covered my face with my hands, while Alice turned the sad, rebuking glance of her pure eyes upon the unhappy boy. He looked conscious of our distress, stammered a few incoherent words of apology, and turned to retreat, but reeled and fell.

We sprang towards him in terror; but my father, like a stern, relentless fate, motioned us back, and bade us leave him; therefore sadly and dejectedly we sought our chambers.

I would not talk to disturb Alice, but tossed feverishly through the night upon my pillow, trying to shut out the degrading vision that danced before my eyes. My brother, my gallant, generous-hearted brother, in his youthful strength and beauty, a drunkard! Oh, it was horrible!

It was an embarrassed group that gathered around our usually cheerful breakfast-table the next morning; but Harry was so thoroughly grieved and penitent that I could not find it in my heart to say more than a whispered, "Oh, Harry, for my mother's sake, for the sake of our hitherto undivided family, never let us see you so again."

He kissed me twice, and then asked, while the hot blush of shame tinged his cheek, "Did Alice see me? May, you are a good girl—say, did Alice see me?"

"Yes, Harry," I answered, sorrowfully.

"Tell her how it was, May," said he; "how they coaxed and flattered me, and kept me singing while they filled my glass oftener than I was aware. I was crazy and mad with excitement. It shall never be so again."

I firmly believed him. Alas, alas, a few weeks more, and the disgraceful scene was repeated. Thrice in one little month we saw him reeling through the hall, and then my father's anger could no longer be restrained. We saw Harry called into the library one morning, and heard loud, wrathful words and passionate replies, but trembling and tearful my mother and I clung to each other, not daring to interfere.

Suddenly the door was thrown open, and Harry, pale with anger, rushed through the room. My mother's sharp voice of agony called after him, and I begged and implored him to speak to us. He heeded not a word, but was dashing from the house, when clear and silvery through its commanding tones rang out Alice's voice, and then he turned back, knelt one moment at her feet, while his burning lips pressed her pale, pure cheek, then wrung my hand, and left another trembling kiss on mother's forehead, and was gone, actually gone, while we stood speechless in stony despair, knowing too well how hopeless any attempt to move my father's will would prove; for when once aroused, his wrath seemed inexorable as fate. Miserably wore away the day, and mute and frightened we gathered together through the dreary evening, while my mother's lips grew wan and dry, as the usual hour of retiring came, and no Harry there.

"It is time you were all abed, and the house closed," said my father, at last, looking up from the newspaper he had certainly derived little information from, since it had not turned through the whole evening. He handed us our candle, and we dared not disobey. I sank upon the bed, and burst into a violent fit of crying, when we reached our room; but Alice stood up before me white and still and calm, like the stony despair of a marble Niobe.

"May," said she, in the unnatural tones of suppressed excitement, "we must find him this very night, or Harry is lost forever."

Her eye glittered strangely, and I was blind that I did not see how fatal it would prove for her to venture out in the damp chilly air of night. As it was I begged to go alone, as she was not strong enough to walk far; but she gave hardly heed to a word of mine, and was ready, wrapped in her thick shawl and hood, before I had decided it would not do to go.

Noiselessly we stole down the staircase, past the chamber door, where we could hear my mother's sobbing voice pleading for the erring one. It was still and quiet throughout the village. Scarcely a light was left twinkling through the dimness of the window panes, and we wandered vainly on. Then in a hoarse whisper Alice gasped, "We must go to the mill stream, May."

With what wildly beating hearts and convulsively clasped hands we sought the water's edge. A long, dark object was lying extended on the bank. With a wild scream Alice bent over it. It was only the trunk of a tree recently felled. The whole scene was breathing peace and calm. What mockery to our beating hearts and tumultuous fears!

Slowly and sadly we retraced our steps. As we neared the house, Alice whispered, "I cannot rest to-night, May, without finding him. I feel as if I were to blame for all. Poor Harry! he loved me, May, and I told him it was useless, since I had no heart to give. I shudder lest that has driven him to recklessness."

Trembling and exhausted, she leaned heavily against me. "Alice, Alice!" cried I, in alarm, "it was wrong for you to come out so. See how wet your dress is with the dew. We must go in instantly."

At that moment a crouching figure rose up from the grassy bank by the roadside. It was Harry. Poor boy, he was watching the house he had left in such a passion. Alice sprang forward to speak to him, but only his name came; a gurgling, choking sound followed, and she reeled backwards.

I broke her fall with one extended arm, and Harry sprang to her support. Scarcely knowing he was seeking the home he had renounced, Harry carried her into the parlor. As I brushed away the falling tresses from her face, a warm tide bathed my hand. My frantic screams brought our parents with a light, revealing—misery of miseries!—our Alice lying white and still, a crimson stream oozing slowly from her deathly lips.

A weary, sickening night of horror followed. I cannot picture Harry's frantic remorse, nor the affecting sight when the father and son clasped hands above the insensible girl, reconciled through their mutual grief.

The pitying physician shook his head sorrowfully, as he laid his fingers on the slight, thin wrist. "No hope!" he said, solemnly turning away from our beseeching glances. Yet life came back a moment. Feebly, slowly, hardly like life. The white lips moved, the eyelids fluttered, and feebly came the whispered, "Harry."

My brother bent frantically over her, crying through his sobs, "Alice, Alice, I have murdered you, who were the angel of my life, and all my hopes of heaven."

She seemed to gather strength miraculously. The glassy film faded off from the soft gray eye, almost the accustomed silvery clearness came back to the thrilling voice as she said, slowly but distinctly, "No, no, it is all good and right. I was failing surely before, and now it is sweet to think I am saved so much pain and weariness. My death will be a blessing; for you will promise me now, Harry, never to touch the wine-cup again. Dear, kind friend, it is all sweet and right, I shall rest so sweetly with my mother."

That ineffable, holy smile, irradiating the dying face with such unearthly glory—how it hushed our selfish grief. And then came again the terrible struggle, and the gushing life stream oozing from the pallid lips. The short time it lasted seemed interminable, and we deemed it hopeless to dream of another revival; but once again we caught the words, "Harry—promise—promise."

My brother dropped upon his knees, pressing his quivering lips to the cold hand upon the coverlid. "I promise, angel Alice, I promise!"

Once more that smile. All her remaining strength seemed gathered up to answer triumphantly, "I shall register that vow in heaven," and then suddenly and for ever the spark of life went out. For evermore on earth, but who that saw her die, could not know how surely it kindled in a purer flame above?

Many, many years has she slept now beneath the churchyard sod, by her mother's side; but her memory is green and fresh in all our hearts. Often and often, in the gay scenes of festivity that occurred in after life, have I seen some jovial friend pass gaily to my brother's hand the sparkling wine cup—never yet, but Harry has turned shiveringly away with pallid cheek and quivering lip, as if Alice's fragile form and angel face bent over him from above, to witness the faithful redemption of his word.

He now sleeps, alas! beneath the far off waters of the Indian seas, but there were many years of trial and temptation faithfully surmounted, and it was never violated—thank Heaven for that!—but righteously and honorably kept, that solemn temperance vow.

Man of the house: "It strikes me that I've seen your face before." Stranger: "Yes, you have. I sold you a cook book a year ago." "What are you selling now?" "A cure for dyspepsia. Only 50 cents."

AN ENGLISH PRO-CONSUL.

The ordinary Englishman who sits at home at ease, or who never goes further afield than Paris or Nice, has very little opportunity of understanding how magnificent an edifice the British Empire is, and how proud a man ought to be to bear the name of Briton.

He probably knows, as his near neighbors, a few retired naval and military officers and colonial servants, whom he sees struggling with small incomes and large families; and he may, in a vague kind of way, be aware that these gentlemen—long ago and in some distant places the name of which he cannot pronounce—have greatly distinguished themselves. But he fails altogether to realize what the British official abroad, and especially in the East, is; what immense responsibility his friend, plain man though he seem, may recently have exercised; and how many Englishmen there are who, after having enjoyed almost the power and splendor of monarchs, end their lives in jerry-built houses in West Kensington or Clapham, and leave little or nothing behind them.

Let us cite a single modern instance. It is one of hundreds that might be given as examples.

Far away on the Malay Peninsula is the wealthy and prosperous protected native state of Selangor. It has an area of only 3,000 square miles, and a population that does not exceed 100,000 souls; but it is rich, chiefly because it produces immense quantities of tin, and, as will be seen, it is well advanced in civilization.

As one enters its capital, the town of Kuala Lumpor, one sees a stately mansion that crowns the pleasant hill above the little city. It is full of reception rooms, studies, libraries, secretary's apartments, and so on, luxuriously and even ostentatiously furnished. At the foot of the hill is a private railway station, exclusively reserved for the man who lives in the mansion. If that man choose to order a special train at any hour of the day or night, the train awaits him, and conveys him without payment to any point on the line.

If he be minded to travel down to the sea and to voyage for his pleasure, the State telegraphs are at his disposal. He travels in his special train to the port of Klang, and there goes on board a steam yacht that is maintained for him by the State. Should he desire music, there is a capital band kept by the State for his delectation. Should he minded to drive out, a State equipage comes to his door, and, as he enters it, the military guards salute. Wherever he goes people look for his smile and hurry to obey his slightest wish. In all but name he is sovereign of Selangor. He issues laws and decrees; he is the supreme judge of the land; he has even the power of life and death.

This man is the British Resident. He is no peer, no baronet, no knight, no general. He is simply an English gentleman who, the other day, held a very small official position, and who, a few years hence, will probably be living in London, undistinguished among his neighbors, on a pension of a very few hundreds a year.

He may, of course, make his name known over all the universe; but the chances are that, like the majority of British residents at Courts of native States in Asia, his name will never, save to the ears of a select few, convey anything in England, and that he will live and die satisfied to have had the honor of serving his country and doing his duty.

There is no other land that sends abroad in numbers pro-consuls invested with such powers. Nor are the pro-consuls only the British residents and official governors who are scattered about the world. Every admiral of a British squadron—nay, every captain of a British man-of-war—has occasionally to assume responsibilities and to exercise functions scarcely inferior to those which ordinarily devolve upon the Resident at a Court like that of Selangor; and nothing speaks more strongly in favor of the natural ability of the Anglo-Saxon race for administration and command than the fact that a serious abuse of his position by any representative of the supreme power of England is of the rarest possible occurrence, and is often, for the space of a generation, entirely unknown.

The Bones of the whale which were killed during the whaling expedition of Emperor William, of Germany last summer, are to be turned into furniture for the Norwegian boathouse at Potsdam, and by order of the Kaiser Fraulein Berg is painting on the whale's shoulder blades the various incidents of the chase, the object being to have the unique pictures placed in a gallery in the boathouse.

Bric-a-Brac.

Snails.—The common snail is said to have 150 rows of stout serrated teeth. The whole palate contains about 21,000 teeth, it is claimed, while a full-grown slug has over 26,000 of these silicious spikes.

Spiders.—Spiders are not always solitary and selfish, as some naturalists have asserted. Dr. McCook, an authority on the subject, has told the British Association that "there really are cases in which the male and female spiders live in amicable relations for a considerable period."

Frogs.—A frog cannot breathe with its mouth open. The conformation of his breathing apparatus it such that when his mouth is open his nostrils will be closed, and, paradoxical as it may seem, all you have to do to suffocate a frog is to put a stick in his mouth so he cannot shut his jaws.

The Cross.—The alleged connection between gypsies and the nails used in the crucifixion has frequently been referred to. It is said that the tinkers are descendents of the one who made the nails for the cross, and are condemned to wander continually without rest. This tradition is very common in the Highlands of Scotland.

Rings.—Very beautiful rings have been handed down to us—the Egyptian, of pure gold, heavy but simple in design, and some in glass and pottery; the Babylonian, cylindrical, cut from some hard substance like crystal, and perforated from end to end, so that they could be hung about the neck. The Egyptian snake rings are more quaint and curious than beautiful.

An Old Saying.—Mr. Charles G. Leland traces the origin of the saying in reference to a small place "there is not room enough to swing a cat" to a superstition current in Transylvania. In this country, it is said, if a cat runs away, when recovered she must be swung three times around to attach her to the dwelling. The same is done with a stolen cat by a thief if he would retain it.

Names of Fabrics.—Buckram is said to be derived from Bokhara, fustian from Fostat, one of the medieval cities that form Cairo, and Taffeta and Tabby from a street in Bagdad. Cambric is from Cambray and moire and mohair from the Moors. Gauze is said to be from Gaza, baize from Bala and dimity from Damietta. Jean from Jaen, druggot from Drogheda and chints from chint or chote, Hindo words for variegated, spotted.

Where Storks Go in Winter.—A Belgian nobleman once managed to catch 200 storks, and labelled every one of them with a piece of pasteboard giving the address of the experimenter and requesting to be informed where the bird had been caught or killed during the winter season. The curious passports were attached in a conspicuous manner to the necks or legs of the birds, and one of them returned the next spring with a message to the effect that he had been caught in a meadow in Western Algeria. Two years after, another of the original tickets came back by post, with a note stating that the winged messenger had been shot at Fort George, near the mouth of the Senegal.

Gypsies.—The gypsies believe that witches use eggshells to make plates, pots and dishes to feed out of at their banquets. Witches, to preserve their health, must, with every increase of the moon, suck the blood of such men as were born at the increase of the moon. Those people who suffer from a witch fall into a kind of lycanthropy. They are characterized by a pale, sunken countenance, hollow, mournful eyes, swollen lips and flabby, listless arms. At night they often change themselves into wolves and do great harm. Transformed into dogs, they must accompany the witches on their nightly forays. The tent gypsies cut the tail off of a dog that comes into their possession so that he may not turn back into a man, in case he has been one, and had been changed by a witch into a wolf.

Found at Last.—Agent: "You use a typewriter, I see."

Business Man: "Yes."

"And work it yourself?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I am introducing a new form of typewriter. It writes script instead of Roman letters—looks just like ordinary writing."

"What if it does?"

"One of the letters in it is a u with a dot in the middle, so if you don't know whether a word like receive is spelled ei or ie—"

"Just what I want! I'll take one."

ACROSS THE RIVER.

BY T. L. P.

Here we sat beside the river
  Long ago, my love and I,
Where the willows droop and quiver
  'Twixt the water and the sky.
We were wrapped in fragrant shadow,
  'Twas the quiet vesper time,
And the bells across the meadows
  Mingled with the ripple's chime.
With no thought of ill betiding,
  "Thus," we said, "life's years shall be
For us twain a river gliding
  To a calm, eternal sea."

I am sitting by the river
  Where we used to sit of old,
And the willows droop and quiver
  'Gainst a sky of burning gold;
But my love long since went onward,
  Down the river's shining tide,
To the land that is far sunward,
  With the angels to abide;
And in pastures fair and vernal,
  In the coming by-and-by,
Far across the sea eternal
  We shall meet—my love and I.

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MAJOR DALE'S PORTION," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV—(CONTINUED.)

IF THERE had been a momentary feeling of impatience in his heart at her infelicitous remark, it had passed away when he came back again, and during the rest of the interview his thoughts were all for her comfort.

"I have wondered once or twice, Hilda, whether you would prefer to be out of the way during my stay here. Mind, I am suggesting this entirely on your account. I suppose it is settled that we spend Christmas at Mackenzie House?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, then, would you like to go to the Riviera with this Miss Fisher during November and early December—or to Florence perhaps, or to Spain? Only say the word, and I will secure a courier and arrange everything while I am abroad. It would be a good plan in one way; we could get up a report that you were afraid of an autumn among the Kentish fogs." She did not answer; and he added more gently than he had spoken, "Mind you, I don't for one moment want to drive you away, my child; I am only anxious for your happiness."

"I am sure of that," she said, with a swift upward glance; and the feeling which prompted the speech was so real that the tears sprang to her eyes. He saw them and understood, and sighed quietly. If her gratitude was so easily won, why did she withhold her love so obstinately? "You have always been considerate and thoughtful for me," she added—"don't think I am blind to that fact. I am sorry that I misunderstood your silence about Africa; I shall know better another time."

"Thank you! And about the autumn? Will you go abroad?"

"No," she answered, with a faint flush. "If you are really suggesting it only on my account, I will stay here. I think on all grounds it would be better."

An indefinable change in her manner, so slight as to be scarcely grasped before it was gone, roused a feeling of hope in his heart. Was his presence becoming more tolerable to her? Even for this he was ready to be deeply grateful.

"It is a great pleasure to me to hear you say that. I would give up everything I own if I could see you happy, if I could believe that you were beginning to forgive me for the great wrong I have done you. I ought to have taken more pains to find out the true state of your mind before our marriage, Hilda. As long as I live, I shall not forgive myself. But it is not much good to look back now. All I can do is to ease the daily burden of your life as far as lies in my power. I only hope that—— Oh, there is Mrs. Bartenshaw in the hall! She and Miss Fisher must have found plenty to talk about. Or do you think she kept away so that she might not interrupt us?"

Whatever the motive for her long absence might have been, the Rector's cheerful little wife gave them plenty of notice of her return, carrying on an animated conversation with Mr. Watson along the hall until they reached the door of the room. Even after they had entered she continued to talk vivaciously.

"I have been asking Mr. Watson to explain to me how it is that I meet him here at dinner on Saturday, when, according to the newspapers, he sailed for Central Africa last Wednesday."

"And I have requested Mrs. Bartenshaw not to make me responsible for the falsehoods of the fashionable scandal sheets; and we have cried 'Quits,' and are waiting for the next 'round,'" said Watson; and there was a ripple of laughter in the room.

When Hilda woke up the next morning, she felt a sense of relief for which she could not account. As she recalled the events of the previous day, she was still as puzzled as ever. Nothing had happened to produce this sudden sensation of freedom from anxiety. She had not even heard news of any kind, unless Pierrepoint's information that he meant to spend the winter at home could be called such.

Yet that in itself, she argued, could certainly not have created her new feeling of tranquility. But, in spite of its being so difficult to account for, her light-heartedness lasted all through the day. She had not been in the blue parlor much during the preceding two days, but, when she went there on this Sunday morning to look for a prayer-book for Mr. Watson to take to church, she found a tiny posy composed of tea rose buds and a pink carnation in the little glass on her writing-table, which had stood empty during the three weeks of Pierrepoint's absence. The sight of the flowers gave her a quick thrill of pleasure. She was wearing a dress of pale fawn silk, and, scarcely thinking of what she was doing, she picked up the dainty little bouquet and fastened it in her brooch, "just to see the effect."

It was charming! She was bound to admit so much; and she was still admiring it when she heard the gentlemen go out by the corner door at the other end of the corridor.

They would think she had gone on, and she would have to run to overtake them. But even now she hesitated. Twice her hands were raised to unfasten her brooch, and twice they fell without performing their task. She must find the book and hurry after them; she could take the flowers out as she crossed the garden. But, when she started to run, with her sunshade in one hand and the book in the other, she found the pin of the brooch difficult to unfasten, and her fingers were still struggling with it when she came in sight of her husband and Watson waiting for her at the orchard gate; and so the flowers had to remain where she had placed them. She knew that her husband's eyes, full of an incredulous delight, were fixed upon that one little spot of brightness as she approached him, and she felt she was blushing foolishly in a sudden uncontrollable fit of self-consciousness.

"Why did you hurry so?" said Watson. "You have run too fast."

She tried to comfort herself with the idea that Pierrepoint would attribute her rosy cheeks to the same cause.

The two men started quite early on Monday morning; and, at Mr. Watson's pressing entreaty, Hilda drove to the station with them, to give him her parting blessing on his undertaking.

"I hope to be home by May," he said, as they stood on the platform; "and I shall come and billet myself upon you and Peter, whether you ask me or not. And the ivory of the first tusker I shoot shall be yours, Mrs. Hayes. These last three days will be among the happiest of my memories of the year at home."

"And mine," said Pierrepoint, but so quietly that only Hilda heard him.

She glanced at him involuntarily, with a sudden warmth in her clear candid gray eyes, and he found himself wishing that he was not going into self-imposed exile, even for six weeks.

As Hilda was driven home in the luxurious landau, she set herself resolutely to clear away some of the disturbing thoughts that troubled her. The one which was uppermost in her mind was the fear that all three months of her married life she had been doing her husband a cruel injustice. She told herself that the man of whom she had lately been hearing such grand things was incapable of the ghastly murder which she had attributed to him—indeed she began to wonder how she could ever have believed it upon such slight evidence, and of one who had always shown himself consistently kind and tender in his dealings with her.

The more she looked at things from this point of view, the more glaringly ungrateful did her own conduct appear.

Passing to her own sanctum on her arrival home, she saw the servants already busy turning out the dragon parlor, where, less than an hour before, Pierrepoint had bidden his grave ceremonious "Good-bye." Ceremonious it was, and yet so full of a subdued tenderness, a well-controlled warmth of feeling! Pierrepoint had his pride too; it was very certain that he would never be the first to bend. Well, if she could but once feel convinced that she had wronged him, would it not be her place to pray for pardon? Ah, but a great change would have to take place before that would be possible!

Perhaps it was natural, with her mind in this unsettled state, that she should reexamine the evidence she possessed against her husband. This consisted of the anonymous letter received on her marriage-day, and the newspaper which Miss Fisher had handed to her on the day of her arrival, and which she seemed to have since forgotten.

Read by the light of her new impressions of Pierrepoint, the facts related did not seem nearly so conclusive as she had imagined them to be. Regarding the statement that the unhappy Miss Amabel Mostyn had been the wife of "Mr. Peter Haynes," there was no evidence put forward to support it; and, for the other matter, the only points which really gave color to the suggestion that he had visited her with any intentions beyond those of an ordinary call were the facts of his going to the house under an assumed name, and that somebody had heard them quarrelling over the possession of a ring. For the assumed name—thanks to Mr. Watson—she was now able to account in the most satisfactory way. Since "Peter Haynes" was the name her husband had been known by in Australia, it was probably the only name by which this Miss Mostyn had known him, in which case he would naturally use it in calling upon her. The ring episode, she had to confess, was not easily accounted for.

"They were heard quarrelling over the possession of a ring"—she read the passages carefully—"which she refused to give up." And then, again—"One cannot help wondering if he did succeed in obtaining possession of the ring which she was so determined not to part with, and which, she declared, he himself had placed on her finger many years ago. If he did get it from her, it must have been by force. Perhaps he wears it still, in token of his victory over an enemy effectually silenced for ever; it is a square-cut emerald much rubbed at the edges, with eight small diamonds set round it."

"Which, she declared, he himself had placed on her finger many years ago." That was the passage Hilda did not like, coupled with that other, "the possession of which she refused to give up."

But then all that might be downright falsehood. Should she take the newspaper and the letter to Pierrepoint, when he came home again, and ask him to tell her everything about his visit to this lady? Yes, she would. And whatever he told her she would try to believe, and so in time they might grow to trust each other, and——

A knock at the door disturbed her reverie, and Mrs. Westedging came in, looking rather important.

"The servants have found this old ring in the dragon parlor, ma'am," she said. "It was among a lot of papers and rubbish which Mr. Hayes turned out of one of the drawers this morning to be destroyed. It was screwed up in a piece of paper, and had evidently been thrown out among the rest by mistake."

Hilda turned carelessly and took the ring. It was a square-cut emerald much rubbed at the edges, and set round with eight small diamonds.

CHAPTER XV.

WITH the anonymous letter in one hand and the ring in the other, Hilda stood by the window, pale and silent, until the housekeeper had left the room. Her happy little day-dream was all over in less than a minute. The wreckage of her hopes was so sudden and so complete that for a time her bewilderment prevented her from realizing the true extent of the disaster which had befallen her. But the confusion of ideas passed away presently, and left her face to face with the truth. However brave or noble Pierrepoint may have been in his past, here, in her hand, she held unquestionable proof of his recent cruelty to a woman.

It was unnecessary for her to refresh her memory again by looking at the letter; she knew the passages referring to the ring by heart.

"They were heard quarrelling over the possession of a ring which she refused to give up. . . . If he did get it from her, it must have been by force. . . . Perhaps he wears it still, in token of his victory over an enemy effectually silenced for ever; it is a square-cut emerald much rubbed at the edges, with eight small diamonds set round it."

Looking down at the ring lying in her hand, realizing how fatally it answered every detail of the description, she flung it from her with loathing and horror. She imagined she could feel it burning into her flesh, that token of her husband's cruelty to a woman.

In the face of such proof as this, she could not pretend any longer to disbelieve her nameless correspondent's assertions. This corroboration of one part of the letter convinced her of the truth of it as a whole. From disbelieving everything she went to the other extreme, and accepted not only the absolute statements, but the ghastly interferences contained in the letter.

And this was the man of whom five minutes since she had been thinking with unacknowledged tenderness, half admitting that she was learning to admire and revere him, shyly confessing that already she was looking eagerly forward to his return and the pleasant possibilities of their future! Gone—all gone at a blow—delightful anticipations, of which nothing remained but the sad memory!

And what was left to her? Looking forward, her life stretched away into the dim future, a weary desolation of ruin and emptiness. She had never troubled much about the future before; but now, as she sat alone, with this fresh discovery, this second verification of Pierrepoint's iniquity, the prospect of lifelong loneliness smote her with a sudden terror. She rose with some wild notion of running away, of hiding herself as she would have hidden from a tangible danger, then sat down again with a sorrowful smile at her own folly; there was no escape from this dreadful misery—she must bear it as well as she could to her life's end.

After a time, she searched for the ring, and, when she found it, she replaced it in the scrap of paper and locked it up in one of the least-used drawers in her writing-table; perhaps some day, if Pierrepoint ever complained openly of her manner towards him, she would show him this ring and the letter, and ask him if they did not justify her conduct.

And then, when she had placed them in safety, she remembered poor lonely Miss Fisher, and went up to her at once. She must be getting so weary of the confinement!

But, when Hilda reached the invalid's pleasant little sitting-room, she found no signs of weariness about her; on the contrary, Miss Fisher was more animated than usual. There was something underlying her manner this morning, an eagerness in her slow musical speech, an impetuosity in her movements, which, altogether with the strange new light in her sleepy eyes as she took note of Hilda's downcast face, that looked curiously like suppressed exultation.

Hilda was conscious of the change at once, and congratulated her companion.

"You see things so quickly!" Miss Fisher answered. "And it is so very kind of you to have a thought to spare for me when your mind must be full of your own sorrow!"

"My own sorrow?" echoed Hilda, with a startled air.

"Your parting with Mr. Hayes, I mean."

"Oh, of course!" She little guessed how much the tone of reassurance betrayed to the observant Miss Fisher. "But I don't mean to think about that now; I am going to occupy myself with keeping you cheerful and happy until you are able to get about again. I hope you won't be a prisoner long, because I want to drive you all round the neighborhood before the summer is gone. When October is in, driving won't be so pleasant; so you must make haste, you see!"

"I am making haste, Mrs. Hayes; that was what made me look so cheerful just now. Do you know, I managed to hobble across the room and back while you were out. I believe I shall be able to get downstairs to-morrow or the day after."

"That will be delightful! Then we shall be able to begin our drives at once. Are you fond of children, Miss Fisher? Would it be much of a nuisance to you if we took that delicate little Primrose girl with us sometimes? She can't walk much, you know, and she ought to be in the air all she can."

Half a dozen times during the next fortnight Hilda took herself seriously to task because she did not get on better with Miss Fisher. Now, if ever, was the time,

while they had the house to themselves, for their acquaintance to ripen into the warmth of genuine friendship; but, for some inexplicable reason, no progress was made in that direction. Hilda acknowledged that it was her fault, and tried hard to overcome the instinctive distrust which prevented anything like real confidence between them; but she could not bring herself to talk openly, or even freely, to the lady who had so attracted her at their first meeting. What distressed her most of all was that Miss Fisher knew she was kept at a distance, and showed she was hurt and disappointed.

"I wish you would call me by my Christian name," she said one day, when they were out driving. "I think perhaps it would help to do away with feeling that we are strangers. 'Netta' is not a very formidable name to get used to."

Hilda blushed, but remained silent.

"If we are going to pass the whole winter here together by ourselves," Miss Fisher went on quietly, "we may as well try to be as cosy together as we can."

Hilda did not tell her she was mistaken about the lonely winter; it might lead to a further discussion of Pierrepoint's plans, and, since that one satirical remark of Miss Fisher's, she never mentioned her husband's name in her companion's presence if she could possibly avoid it.

"'Nett' is a pretty name," she said; "I like it. But I have known so few people well enough to call them by their Christian names. I think I should feel awkward over it, as if I were taking a liberty. By-and-by perhaps, when we are more thoroughly used to each other, I may do as you wish."

Miss Fisher sighed very softly, and Hilda was glad to be busy with the ponies. She hated herself heartily at the moment, and yet she could not persuade herself to do as Miss Fisher wished in this simple matter. Perhaps, if she had seen the expression in Miss Fisher's splendid eyes at that moment, and understood all that the baffled look meant, she might have made more allowance for her own "hardness."

And then, while the young wife's heart was aching, from sheer loneliness, Hugh Mackenzie came.

It was a soft mellow morning in mid-September. The two ladies had been for a walk down the main drive and as far as the post-office—more for the sake of giving the dogs some exercise than because there was any real occasion for the journey. As they strolled slowly homewards, they heard the sound of wheels behind them, and, turning, saw a high dog-cart containing two gentlemen turn in at the lodge.

Hilda recognized her cousin at a considerable distance, and the sight of a face associated with that happier time of her life, before her marriage, brought a quick warm feeling of gladness to her heart.

"Visitors!" exclaimed Miss Fisher, in a tone of relief. "Do you know them, Mrs. Hayes? What a handsome young man—the fair one!"

"It is my cousin Hugh Mackenzie," replied Hilda; and then the dog-cart was beside them, and Hugh had sprung out, and was holding her hands close in his, looking at her with eager eyes, regardless of the look of astonishment and enlightment on the face of the lady in mourning, who stood by watching the little scene.

"I hope I've not taken you too much by surprise, Hilda?" said Hugh. "If I have, you must scold Hennessy. Come down, Hennessy, and make my peace with my cousin!"—a command which the dark good-tempered-looking man in the cart hastened to obey. "Somebody was talking about Cruxwold at mess last night, Hilda. Hennessy hadn't seen it—this is the first time he's been quartered in Canterbury, you know—so I thought I might venture to bring him to have a look at the stables, and so on."

"Why not indeed?" rejoined Hilda, slipping her hand within Miss Fisher's arm and bringing her into the group. "That is, if you are content with two lonely young women as your hostesses. Miss Fisher and I will do our best; and, after all, Cruxwold is Cruxwold in any case; so, if it is the house you want to see——"

"Nothing of the kind, Mrs. Hayes," put in Hennessy. "That is only one of Mackenzie's artful tricks to try to put the blame on to me. He told me that he was afraid to come alone to see you because of the scandalmongers, and asked me to come and play propriety."

"Oh, but that is my special vocation!" said Miss Fisher; and Hennessy's words, which had sounded like the lightest nonsense, seemed to take another and a less pleasant meaning through the interruption, for she spoke as if she had taken his remark in earnest and agreed with him that there was grave need for somebody to be at hand to defend Mrs. Hayes's conduct from censure.

Both the men looked at her with sudden inquisitiveness, and Hennessy turned to Hilda again with a whimsical smile.

"Does that mean that my presence is superfluous on the present occasion, Mrs. Hayes?"

Hilda laughed, as he had meant she should, and the expression of consciousness passed away from Hugh's face.

That was a delightfully pleasant afternoon to Hilda, and, to judge by the eager animation of Miss Fisher's manner, she found the society of the two men equally delightful. The only thing which interfered with Hilda's perfect enjoyment and self-forgetfulness was a certain air of mystery about Hugh which puzzled and worried her.

Before the end of the afternoon he had contrived to make it appear that there had been no previous arrangement made for his coming visit to Cruxwold, and that it would be the result of an off-hand invitation from Mrs. Hayes.

After luncheon, as they entered the quadrangle garden after a long ramble over the house and grounds, Hugh grew quite enthusiastic.

"This is the gem of the whole place, Hilda!" he exclaimed. "Anybody with plenty of money can have fountains and conservatories and model stables and tan rides; but nothing but time, and plenty of it, can produce just this perfection of clipped box-trees and mossy little lawns. What a delightful nook to dream away one's time! How pleasant to lie here in the drowsy stillness reading Chaucer or Spenser until you're more asleep than awake, and the spirit of the place gets hold of you, and you almost fancy you can hear Queen Bess of blessed memory bandying her jests with the pet of the hour in one of those formal-looking arbors. Modern dress and manners seem out of place here. I should like to wear a slashed doublet and a chevaux-de-frise of a ruff half a yard wide; and I want to say, 'By my halidom, fair dame!' or 'Marry, come up, sweetheart!' whenever I speak to you. A hammock, by all that's alluring!" he cried, as they came within view of the small lawn under the beech in the corner next to the blue parlor. "That settles it, Hilda! I refuse to go away from Kent until you and Miss Fisher have had me here for a week or two. Won't you give me an invitation on the spot? I won't be a bit of trouble; I'll be as docile as a tame cat, and come and sun myself in this lovely old place the whole day long?"

Hilda could not possibly mistake his desire not to have the previous arrangement spoken of, but she felt vexed with him for making any mystery of such a simple affair, and looked reproachful.

Miss Fisher, carrying on an animated flirtation with the complaisant Captain Hennessy, was listening attentively for Mrs. Hayes' answer.

"Won't you put in a word for me, Miss Fisher?" said Hugh, turning and appealing to her, as they came to a halt among the chairs under the great umbrellas. "I want to come here for a week before I go abroad. Tell Mrs. Hayes you can put up with me. I'll promise not to be a bother to you!"

Miss Fisher laughed, as though she was greatly amused.

"Personally I should be delighted," she replied; "beyond that, I think I can say nothing, Mr. Mackenzie. But I don't think Mrs. Hayes is generally hard-hearted; I, at any rate, have not found her so."

"What day will you come, Hugh?" she asked quietly. "Let it be as soon as possible, if you want to enjoy the garden."

Presently, when the dog-cart was at the door, and Hennessy and Miss Fisher were both busy admiring the horse, Hugh said hastily to Hilda—

"You are a little offended with me, I can see, my dear child; but I had a very good reason for acting as I did. I will explain to you on the first opportunity."

CHAPTER XVI.

AT the end of that September there was a spell of weather which was more like spring on the Riviera than the end of an English summer.

Day after day, and all day long, Hilda and Hugh Mackenzie and the languorous absent-minded Miss Fisher idled away their time in the silent drowsy old quadrangle garden at the back of the house.

One day they were at tea as usual under the great beech-tree; the drowsy influence of the time and place had infected them, as it always did towards the end of the warm afternoons. There was no effort at conversation. Hugh Mackenzie, with his soft cap tilted over his eyes, was watching his cousin's pensive winsome little face with lazy admiration. He had lately fallen into a habit of watching her in this way. Rather to his own surprise, he found that his feeling for his pretty childish cousin had intensified rather than decreased since her marriage. The thoughtful expression in her face was an added charm. The suggestion of pain in the droop of her lips, so much more bewitching than the old child-like placidity, set him wondering and longing to know the secrets of her heart and mind. "If she had been as fascinating as this before marriage," Hugh would sometimes say dreamily to himself, "there is no knowing how far my folly might have led me!"

"I'm rather sorry Hennessy is coming to dinner to-night," he said; "we shall have to wake up and converse for once; and this sort of thing is so much more pleasant."

"What sort of thing?" asked Hilda.

"Why, this," he explained, with a wave of his hand—"the quietness and the peace, and the soothing knowledge that one need not speak a word unless one wants to. It is all so restful and dreamy and—and——"

"Delightfully lazy," put in Miss Fisher softly. "But I'm afraid it is very demoralising. I find it so. Mrs. Burtonshaw was talking about her winter meetings yesterday, Mrs. Hayes. She asked me if I had a good head for organization, and whether I should be able to help her at all in arranging things."

"I should not think that sort of business was much in your line," remarked Hugh.

"It is not, in a general way," she admitted frankly; "but this once I should have liked to do something to help if I could. Mr. and Mrs. Burtonshaw were very kind to me, you see."

"So you promised to do what you could, I suppose?" said Hilda.

"That is exactly what I did promise. She is having meetings at the Rectory three afternoons this week. Of course I told her that I could not give her a definite promise under present conditions, but, if I found myself with an hour to spare, I would certainly come down and do whatever I could."

"Oh, but I hope you will go just whenever you feel inclined!" said Hilda earnestly. "You will find the winter quite dull enough without making a hermit of yourself. Take every opportunity that offers to relieve the monotony, I beg of you."

Miss Fisher's dreamy eyes wandered to Hugh Mackenzie's face before she answered.

"I should like very much to go," she said hesitatingly, "but I don't want you to put yourself to any inconvenience on my account; and I thought perhaps——"

"Am I the obstacle?" asked Hugh suddenly. "If you're going to make such a bogy of me as that, I will pack my bag and be off to-morrow morning!"

"Nonsense, Hugh," said Hilda; "don't be absurd!"—and there was a flush of vexation on her fair face.

But Hugh would not be silenced.

"You remember what I said when I was asking for this invitation, Miss Fisher? If I'm going to be in the way, I shall run off at once. Why can't you both go on your charitable expeditions and leave me here baking in the sun?"

"I should not go without being asked," remarked Hilda.

"Then why should Miss Fisher not go, and leave you and me together for company?"

He looked at Miss Fisher as he spoke, and found she was watching him with curious steadfastness. He met her gaze for a moment, and then his eyelids fell at the significant meaning in her look. She hid her face with her fan, fearful perhaps that her satisfaction at the suggestion might betray too much to the unsuspicious girl at her side.

"Then, if you are quite sure you can do without me," she said, "I really think I will give Mrs. Burtonshaw the benefit of my assistance—to-morrow afternoon, at least."

"I wish she had asked me too," murmured Hilda, feeling that nobody seemed to want her. "I think I should have liked to do something to help. I would start meetings on my account if I only knew how."

"Please don't think of doing anything of the kind," pleaded Hugh, in mock horror. "It would spoil you altogether, Hilda. Time enough twenty years hence for you to begin fussing about blankets and soup and coal-tickets."

Miss Fisher remained silent. She was hoping that Mrs. Hayes would never find out that Mrs. Burtonshaw had suggested placing the matter before the lady of Cruxwold, and had been discouraged from doing so by her, Miss Fisher's, declaration that Mrs. Hayes had a horror of that sort of thing, though her amiability would not allow her to confess it openly.

So Miss Fisher went to the Rectory meetings, and contrived to attract a good deal of attention. On the third afternoon, when Colonel Leith's good-natured talkative wife came in towards the end of the meeting, and found "Mrs. Hayes' companion" there again, she made some remark upon the fact; and by the eagerness with which Miss Fisher took up the subject one might almost have imagined that she had been waiting for the opportunity.

"That meeting with Mrs. Hayes was a lucky thing for you!" said Mrs. Leith, as she sat down next to Miss Fisher's table. "After you left on Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Burtonshaw was telling us how it all happened. I should think she is a charming little creature to be with—considerate and thoughtful and so forth."

"She is a thorough lady, of course," replied Miss Fisher, working away with remarkable energy, "and, being a lady, she does trouble herself to remind me constantly of the difference in our positions."

"Is that the best you have to say for her, my dear?" said Mrs. Leith pleasantly. "It would be strange if she were not a thorough lady, considering all things. I think she's something better than that. I'm sure she must be kind and generous by the way she spares you to us whenever we want you. I don't know how we should have got on without your clever fingers. The question is—How does she get on without you?"

Miss Fisher raised her large pensive eyes and smiled a slow sweet smile.

"One may have too much even of a good thing at times," she remarked gently. "Mrs. Hayes had had an uninterrupted fortnight of my society before Mr. Mackenzie's arrival; surely it is not very wonderful that she should be glad to get rid of me for a few hours now and then, when a good excuse offers itself! She likes to vary the monotony the same as any one else, I suppose, more particularly when the variety presents itself in the shape of a charming young man, and one of the dearest friends of her girlhood into the bargain."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEING "ENGAGED."—The engagement ring is worn upon the same finger as the wedding ring, and after marriage is worn as a guard to it. The solitaire diamond is always a favorite, but the range of styles and prices is wide, and the girl's fancy and the youth's purse may combine to make any ring proper.

As to wedding rings, the "square" and "round" ones each have their likers. A wedding ring with sharp-cut edges fits snugly, but being worn constantly will in time make a callous spot at the base of the finger, which is anything but beautiful. A ring with all round edges renders this impossible, and is more comfortable to wear, giving with every motion of the finger.

In this country there is a pleasant freedom allowed the engaged lovers. They ride, drive or walk together unquestioned. Her engagement is one of the most charming experiences of a girl's life, and she is wise who will not let it be cut too short.

The length of an engagement must depend mostly upon outward circumstances. It is only a journey, of which the end must come sooner or later. A month or six weeks is not too short if such a time is found best, and there are couples who have waited seven years to see their hopes realized.

SWEARING OFF.—A well-known and popular comedian tells a story of a waiter at one of the London taverns who was sadly given to drink. A party of young men determined to reform him, and one day read an imaginary paragraph from a paper relating a terrible accident, in which an inebriate, in blowing out a candle, was killed by the flame igniting the alcoholic fumes of his breath. Jerry pricked up his ears at this, and requested that the paragraph might be read to him again, which was done, to the evident horror of the poor man, who immediately went in search of a Bible. Returning with this, he expressed a desire to take a solemn oath upon it, bemoaned the fact that he had been a sorry tippler and was bringing himself to ruin, and then swore that never again, so long as he lived, would he attempt to blow out a candle!

WHAT is the legal expression for a love-letter?—A writ of attachment.

PARTED.

BY C. S. C. WEIGALL.

Come and see me when I'm dead—when I lie
In my rest.
Lay the flow'rs we loved so well—you and I—
On my breast.
Let them be roses white and roses red,
For they say
Your love was like the roses, being dead
In a day.

Can it be that you forget what you said
On that day?
Let tears fall when you see me lying dead,
Dear, and say
Some words of tender pity for my life
Sore oppress,
And leave me, lying weary after strife,
To my rest.

Without A Ticket.

BY L. S.

MRS. ROBINSON sat in front of the fire, her feet on the fender-stool, her still handsome, but not altogether pleasing face, carefully shielded from the blaze, and a well-satisfied expression softening the hard lines left by care, and a temper always discontented with her surroundings.

But for once Mrs. Jane Robinson was in a placable good humor. Her brother, Colonel Lomax, had accepted a political mission to Burmah, after executing this, he proposed to travel for a couple of years, leaving her in charge of his house, Chestnut Hall, in Somersetshire, and his only daughter, Trissa, a girl of fifteen.

This meant a great deal to a widow with a limited income and an extravagant son. She could let her mean little house near the Boltons, discharge her ill-paid, grumbling servants, and, by good management, such as selling surplus fruit and vegetables, as well as game and poultry, make for herself a nice little private purse at the Colonel's expense, besides entertaining her son and his friends at little, or no cost to herself.

In an unusually complacent mood she was meditating over these things, when Noyes Robinson came into the room, and flung himself into a chair opposite her.

"The deed's done, mother!" he cried, exultingly. "I've brought my scornful fair at bay. She knows her fate. Before noon to-morrow she will have to make her decision. Unless she consents to be my wife, she must give up her charming little property, in which case she goes out of the Rosery beggared."

Mrs. Robinson made a pettish movement.

"I cannot think how it is you find Mrs. Devoren so attractive. Her income is small, and there are far prettier women than she."

"Not in my sight," answered Noyes; besides, she has twice refused me, and I will not be beaten. I have made up my mind to marry her, and I will do it; so you may spare me any of your objections, mother."

"My dearest boy, I did not intend making any!" she hastened to assure him, for Mrs. Robinson was half afraid of her tyrannical son. "Of course, all this hesitation has been a mere pretence. Mrs. Devoren has only been coquetting with you; now she finds you are in earnest——"

"By Jove! she had better not hesitate any longer!" interposed the young man, a scowl disfiguring his strongly-marked features. "Now the game is in my hands, I shall not give her a chance of checkmating me."

"But are you sure——" his mother began.

"I am sure she is in my power; she sees that herself, but she has the temper of a vixen. She was going to faint when I told her that it was my uncle who had bought up the mortgage on her little estate. It touched her pride to know that he was her creditor, but if looks could have killed, I should not have been here long after I told her the Colonel had made it over to me, because he knew I loved her."

Mrs. Robinson's lips twitched nervously.

"How will you get on when she finds out that you—you have deceived her on this point?"

Noyes laughed, carelessly.

"I shall not care what discoveries she makes after I have put the ring on her finger. I'm quite capable of managing a wife, thank ye, ma'am."

Thus rebuffed, Mrs. Robinson was silent and her son, busy with his cigar-case, failed to perceive that they were not alone.

For the last hour, Trissa Lomax had been curled up on one of the cushioned window seats, struggling with her regrets at the loss of her father, to whom she was fondly attached.

Her grief was all the more keenly felt, because the Colonel had been induced to leave her in the care of Mrs. Robinson, whom her niece detested, and though too dutiful to raise any objections to his plans, she heartily wished they had never been formed.

But though Trissa doubted the sincerity of her aunt, and thought Noyes even more detestable than his mother, she had not dreamed what she was about to hear when she drew one of the curtains forward to shield her from their observation, and before she divined that they were talking secrets words had been spoken that held her spell-bound.

"Noyes," said his mother, "I wish you had not done this till you were quite certain your uncle had left England."

"Why?"

"Oh! because Mrs. Devoren might appeal to him, and then——"

"Nonsense! The 'Sarmatia' sailed this morning; or if not, it will leave the docks early to-morrow. There is not time for ma belle to make any such appeal, even if her pride would permit of it. She is absolutely under my thumb at last."

"Cousin Noyes, you are as wicked as you are ugly!" exclaimed a voice, thrilling with scorn of his villainy, and Trissa came boldly forward. "I have heard all you have been saying, and I shall go and repeat it to Mrs. Devoren, that she may save herself from you."

But Mrs. Robinson, frightened as well as angry, caught her niece by the arm, and held her in so tenacious a grip that she winced with pain.

"You deceitful, meddlesome imp, I forbid you to go near Mrs. Devoren. You have wasted too much of the time in idling with her that ought to have been spent at your studies. As for repeating what you have been mean enough to listen to, I cannot believe that your father's daughter would stoop so low."

"Let her go; who cares? not I!" cried Noyes, tauntingly. "Mrs. Devoren has had my ultimatum, and the chattering of a mischief-making girl cannot alter that. Seriously, my dear cousin, you had better hold your tongue, for I shall contradict anything you say to my disadvantage, and who will believe you, a mere child not long out of the nursery, a spoiled romp, a rebellious tomboy, ready to launch all the spiteful darts she has in her quiver at those who are put in authority over her?"

"Papa did not bid me obey you!" exclaimed the exasperated Trissa. "Though he does not know how wicked you are—but he shall know it—I will write—I will telegraph——"

"You will do neither without my permission," cried Mrs. Robinson, peremptorily. "You have totally misunderstood what you have overheard, and deserved to be punished for your insulting speeches to your cousin. Go to your chamber, Trissa; I insist upon it, and forbid you to leave it again till I give you permission. Me, at all events, you are bound by your father's commands to obey implicitly, and unless you do so, I will place you in one of the Belgium convent schools to be taught your duty."

Trissa submitted to be driven upstairs, followed by the jeering laughter of her cousin Noyes, her mortification heightened by hearing her maid and her governess forbidden to approach her on the pretext of Miss Lomax having behaved so badly that she must be left to repent in solitude.

Mrs. Robinson need not have been afraid that Trissa would appeal for sympathy to any member of a household over which her guardian had absolute control. The girl was too loyal to betray those who were so near akin to her, nor would she openly rebel against their authority, though she shivered at the thought of being utterly at their mercy during her father's absence.

Oh! why had he left her? They were so happy together till he was seized with this restless fit and resolved to leave England. And why had he placed such confidence in the sister of his dead wife.

Trissa, keen-sighted in spite of her youth, had long since learned to distrust the caresses only lavished on her when her father was by.

As for Noyes, he had been cunning and cruel from his boyhood, and though he had been careful to conceal his true character from the generous uncle into whose purse he dipped deeply, he was less cautious before Trissa, who hated even more than she despised him.

But it was not of herself that she thought so much just now as of Berta Devoren, the young widow with whom Noyes fancied himself in love. Furious at her coldness, he had vowed to make her his, and who was to defend her from him?

Her short married life had been spent in the Mauritius, where she was born; her husband, a gay, thoughtless subaltern in the army, had died in debt, and it was to prevent any slur being cast on his memory that Berta had sold her jewelry, and even mortgaged the small property she inherited from a friend.

Would Noyes really be so heartless as to take it from her unless she consented to the terrible alternative of wedding him? Trissa, who loved her dearly, was in agony at the thought.

"If papa could but know how she is being treated he would save her," the girl murmured, as she paced the room or knelt by the open window. "Oh, that I could find some way of telling him! If he is still in England—and aunt Jane spoke of it as possible—he would come to Mrs. Devoren's help, I am sure of it. But shut in here, forbidden to write to him, how am I to let him know what Noyes is doing?"

Colonel Lomax still in London, within a hundred miles of his home, and yet in ignorance of the fate threatening the fair young widow for whom he had testified so much esteem—it was exasperating to a degree, and Trissa grew wild with impatience.

"Once free," she cried, angrily, shaking the lock of her door, "I could and would go to the Rosery and warn Mrs. Devoren."

Then she remembered how useless that would be, and ran back to the window sobbing the name of her father.

"If I could go to you, my own papa—if I could find you, all would be well. Is there no way of escaping?"

She gazed longingly, yet fearfully, at the depths below her casement. A boy might be able to lower himself by clinging to the trellis to which the roses covering that side of the house were trained, but Trissa was afraid to attempt so perilous a descent. Then she thought of the sheets of her bed. Could she lower herself with those?

But scarcely had the thought crossed her when one of the gardeners, an old deaf and dumb man employed out of charity by Colonel Lomax, came tottering along with the ladder he had been using for gathering apples in the orchard.

Trissa immediately made frantic efforts to attract his attention, succeeded at last, and signed to him to fix the ladder against her window.

Always pleased to do anything for the young lady who knitted warm comforters and mittens for him, old Joseph quickly obeyed, and watched over her safety as she descended, repeatedly stumbling in her haste to effect her escape before Mrs. Robinson or Noyes could find out what she was doing.

Luckily both her affectionate relatives were dressing for dinner, and their rooms were on the other side of the mansion. Joseph had gone one way with his ladder, and Trissa another—darting into the thickets of the shrubberies—long before the butler came into the library to light the lamps and make up the huge fire, before which Noyes liked to bask and smoke all the evening.

Already the delighted girl had determined what to do, and that was to go to London and ascertain whether the Colonel was still in England.

She dared not venture to take the train at the station in the village, lest she should be pursued thither and captured during the hour or more awaiting that she would have to submit to.

But there was another station at a small town, between three and four miles distant, if she could reach that all would be well.

And away went Trissa, availing herself of every short cut through copses and by field paths which she was acquainted. Sometimes running, sometimes walking, and often fancying she could hear footsteps following her own, she persevered, undeterred by the gathering darkness.

To a girl, brought up in the country, and whom constant companionship with her father had made an excellent pedestrain as well as a fearless horsewoman, there was nothing alarming in this lonely walk.

Her spirits rose higher and higher as she went on, though once she was dismayed at finding that she had taken a wrong turning, and must retrace her steps for a considerable distance.

But the fear of losing the only train that would pass through Blankton till morning, winged her feet, and she contrived to reach the station just as the guard blew his whistle and swung himself into his van.

She darted across the platform; a porter who saw her coming held open a door; there was no time to take a ticket, but he bade her pay the other end, and Trissa fell back on a seat, thankful to find herself alone, and almost hysterical with want of breath and the joy of having eluded her aunt's vigilance.

She laughed as she pictured Mrs. Robinson's consternation when she visited her captive's room and found it empty.

"I closed the window, and Joseph carried off the ladder, no one will suspect how I stole away. The servants will be questioned and accused, even poor Miss Jones, my kind old governess, who hasn't the spirit of a mouse, will be suspected, and Noyes will think I have taken refuge with Mrs. Devoren. But oh, my dear papa, if I am not too late to find you, I shall not care. If you are gone, really gone, what a life aunt Jane will lead me!"

This consideration sobered the fugitive, and another trouble now threatened her. Putting her hand in her pocket for her purse she found it open and empty, and she remembered having lent its contents a few hours earlier to Miss Jones, who happened to be in want of some small change.

This was an appalling discovery. Without money, how was Trissa to pay her fare? How make her way, after midnight, from the north of London to Piccadilly, where Colonel Lomax had chambers, preferring them to an hotel?

She was still vaguely asking herself what she was to do, when the train drew up at a small station, and the hitherto empty compartment was filled by the family of an farmer who was about to emigrate.

He had an elderly but still active mother, a buxom wife, three strapping sons, a couple of bouncing daughters, and three or four restless children, whose excitement at the journey displayed itself in questions innumerable.

As every member of party was laden with baskets, bundles and birdcages, it took some time to settle them all in their places, and Trissa was squeezed into a corner and overshadowed by the farmer, who, with his senses somewhat muddled by several parting glasses with old friends, was inclined to be irritable.

He had been seized with a fancy that the clerk to whom he paid the railway fares had not given him his change correctly, and this notion worried him.

"I'm not the man that ever wants to pay less than my dues," he loudly asserted, "but be hanged if I like to pay more. Sit still, children, and let mother an' me count up what we ought to have left out of a fi'-pun' note."

But mother declined the task.

"She was no head at figgers," she said; "not even when she were young. Let Abner or Joshy do it; 'twornt so long since they left school."

But as the young men brought their calculations to varying totals, one or both, their father crossly told them, must be wrong. So Ruth and Rachel were called to his aid with similar results, and the farmer's ire increased.

"Don't tell me how one o' you did it by proportion, and t'other by reduction. What do I want wi' your rules and such like rubbige? Gi' me plain ones and twos, proper addings-up and takings-away. Out of a bank note take so many whole tickets, so many halves, the money charged for the dogs—poor brutes, shutten 'em up by themselves—and the extry luggage, and say what I ought to have over, and be quick about it."

"But what did you pay for the extrys?" he was asked.

"Dashed if I can recollect. Your silly hammerin' and stammerin' over a simple bit of arithmetic has driven it out of my head; but I know I hadn't got my change right, and I won't let 'em rest till I have."

And so the farmer wrangled and argued and scolded, no one taking notice of the quiet girl in the corner, who was getting more and more nervous as they drew nearer to London.

She had nothing valuable about her save the gold watch that had been her father's gift on her last birthday. She could offer that to the ticket-collector as a pledge of her honesty, but suppose he refused to take it? What was she to do then?

Under any circumstances the ordeal would be a painful one. For many miles round her own home she would only have to say, "I am the daughter of Colonel Lomax, of the Chestnuts," to secure respectable treatment; but here, amongst railway officials, all strangers, it might be very different.

Neither was her appearance in her favor. The shabby old serge gown, in which she

had been at work in the conservatory, was not improved by the splashes of mud gathered during her walk, and the garden hat snatched up when she fled, was shapeless and shabby. Jacket or mantle she was minus, as well as gloves. Who that saw her thus, would credit her assertion that she was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman?

Repeatedly Trissa tried to frame the explanation that was to be made to the ticket collector, but her voice and her courage both failed her when he actually opened the door, and made the expected demand:

"Tickets, please!"

Trissa, clutching the watch she had detached from its chain of her dead mother's raven hair, nerved herself for the necessary explanation, but was prevented by the big farmer, who thrust himself forward with an impetuous "Look here, my man!" with the disputed change displayed on his broad palm.

He harangued the collector, who listened and answered civilly, but briefly, "It was nothing to do with him. If any complaint was made it must be to the superintendent at his office on the morrow." And when the irate farmer vowed he wouldn't go a step further without his dues, the man shrugged his shoulders and walked away, without decrying the shrinking figure in the further corner, or discovering that he took with him one ticket less than he ought to have had.

Trissa could not help feeling immensely relieved, and was following her fellow travelers from the carriage, when a party of young men, fresh from a music hall, came rushing along the platform, one of them reeling against her in his haste.

Instead of apologizing, he laughed noisily, and clutched at her shoulder to steady himself, an act so alarming to the already agitated girl, that to elude his grasp she made for an open door at no great distance—reckless whither she went, so that he did not follow.

When he gave no signs of doing so, she looked around and saw that she was in one of the first-class waiting-rooms, now deserted, as the last of the theatre trains was just starting.

Afraid to venture forth yet, and seeing that a few embers were still burning in the grate, she crossed the room, and knelt on the hearthrug to warm her fingers; for the night was a frosty one, and Trissa unprovided with the necessary wraps.

She dreaded, unspeakably, the long walk to her father's chambers. Rarely had she visited London, and only under the Colonel's guardianship, a very different thing from being here alone at night, and penniless.

"I dare not call a cab, for how should I pay the man if I did not find papa? Or how shall I find my way on foot to Piccadilly? Why are there such wicked people in the world as my aunt and her son? If it were not for them I should not be in this cruel predicament."

Then Trissa—still crouching on the floor—cried miserably, for she was cold and hungry, and afraid of the dangers that might be lurking in the long miles of streets she would have to traverse, arriving in Piccadilly at what untimely hour? Oh, it was all dreadful! What would she not give to be at home, and snugly tucked up by Miss Jones in her own cosy bed?

But the door was swung open, and feeling sure that it must be the tipsy youth in search of her, she crept almost under the table to avoid him.

But it was only a porter, who glanced in to make sure that all was safe for the night ere he went off duty. He did not perceive the slim form of the young girl, but put out the gas and went away, the click of the key in the lock proclaiming that Trissa was as thoroughly a prisoner till the morning, as if she had remained in her aunt's custody at the Chestnuts.

At first the idea was so terrifying that she groped her way to the door, intending to beat against it with her hands, and scream till someone came to release her; but growing calmer, she hesitated to do this, reminding herself that here she should at least be safe till daylight. As soon as that appeared, she should be able to conquer her fears, and think and act as calmly and rationally as her father's daughter ought to do.

But it was a miserable night, though Trissa made herself as comfortable as she could on one of the settees, with the hearthrug pulled over her. Sleep was almost impossible; indeed, it was not till that day was dawning, for which she watched and waited so anxiously, that her aching eyes fairly closed in a long dreamless slumber, from which she awoke to find two persons standing beside her—a woman, with a brush and dustpan in hand, and a policeman.

"There!" exclaimed the latter, triumphantly, as poor Trissa started up with a gasp of terror. "It is Miss Lomax. I was sure of it. I should know her face anywhere. Don't you remember me, missie—Jim Granard, the gardener's boy, that the Colonel gave such good testimonials to? I hope, miss, nothing's happened to him, for he was a kind friend to me."

"Only that he is leaving England, and I must see him before he sails. Yes—yes, I remember you now!" exclaimed Trissa, joyfully; "and you'll take care of me, won't you, Granard, and help me to go to papa? I have no money; I left home with an empty purse, and got locked in here; and what should I have done if I had not found you, or you found me, which was it?"

Crying and laughing at the same time, she attempted to rise, but fell back so faint as to alarm her humble friend, and make the woman drop her dustpan and scurry away for some water. But when she had laved her face and hands, and drunk the hot coffee fetched for her from the refreshment-bar, she was sufficiently restored to urgently repeat her entreaties to be taken to Piccadilly at once.

Jim Granard contrived to find someone to fill his place pro tem., and himself escorted the young lady to her father's chambers, arriving there but just in time. A cab was at the door when theirs drove up, and Trissa recognized the trunks that were piled upon it.

The next moment she was in the arms of the astonished Colonel, sobbing out the story of Mrs. Devoren's critical position, and what she had overheard of Noyes' machinations.

"The young scoundrel!" exclaimed her incensed auditor. "He assured me that Mrs. Devoren returned his affection, and it was this that induced me to put into his hands the mortgage on her property. I thought I was securing her happiness instead of her misery. My dear little daughter, how thankful I am that you had the good sense to come to me. Under no circumstances, will I leave England till I have seen Mrs. Devoren, and compelled your unworthy cousin to leave her in peace."

As Trissa insisted that she was quite well enough, in spite of her pale face and tremblings, to start for home at once, the Colonel yielded to his own impatience to to hurry to Mrs. Devoren's assistance.

Again he praised and kissed his daughter for her promptitude in summoning him to the aid of her friend.

"Your friend too, papa," he was reminded. "Mrs. Devoren thinks almost as much of you as I do. She cried till her head ached when you went away, though she tried to hide it. Why don't you stop in England, and get her to marry you? Noyes could never vex her then, and what a mother she would be to me!"

"Do you really wish this, my darling?" Colonel Lomax demanded. "Then I may tell you that is was your rascally cousin's assurances that Mrs. Devoren loved him that made me renounce my own hopes, and resolve to go away and forget her. But are you sure she would listen to a man so many years her senior?"

"Ask her, papa; do ask her!"

And the Colonel took Trissa's advice.

Noyes sneaked away as soon as he caught sight of his uncle, and Mrs. Robinson, finding it impossible to convince her brother-in-law that she was not in her son's confidence, was obliged to follow him.

It is Berta Devoren, a widow no longer, who now reigns at the Chestnuts; and the most loyal, as well as affectionate of her subjects, is her stepdaughter, to whom, as she often says, she owes the happiness she enjoys in her second marriage.

How Women Bathe in Paris.—The Seine is a narrow, greenish, snake-like river, and it does not look inviting from a distance. But on entering the swimming baths formed of boat-like sides, containing the dressing rooms, it looks clear and cool. Black bathing dresses trimmed with red braid can be hired for a franc upward, and hundreds of ladies, with their children, daily afford themselves amusement at these places.

There is no effort at fashion, and the top is covered by canvas to shield them from the eyes of people on embankment or boulevards. Swimmers among the attendants are frequent, and they dive and float, swim and sink at will, and teach the children and ladies to do the same.

Some of the French women are expert swimmers, and they go round in their black, baggy suits, chasing about the platforms, eating sandwiches or drinking penny syrup or clarets, and end the performance by diving into the water and swimming a race. Trapeze, swings, etc., are suspended above the water, and gymnastic exercises are indulged in by the younger and more ambitious.

On leaving the baths they dry their hair sufficiently, put a crimped peruke over their straight locks, a dash of powder, and a bit of lip salve, to slightly color and eliminate any dryness, and with a deft adjustment of the inevitable black veil, my lady is well coiffed, and if her dress be suitable, can take a drive before going home.

PORTRAITS AND CARICATURES.

One of the most curious of Jacobite anecdotes is that concerning the revenge which art took on White Kennett, Dean of Peterborough, for his famous sermon on witchcraft. Walton, the Jacobite rector of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, ordered an altar piece for his church, the subject to be the Last Supper.

When finished the piece attracted no particular attention till somebody remarked that Judas Iscariot was unusually prominent, and that the face was wonderfully like Dr. White Kennett's. It was, in fact, the dean's portrait. When this fact became known, all London flocked to Whitechapel to see the pillorying of Kennett. Eventually the bishop had to interfere and order the altar piece to be removed.

The astonishment of the person who first identified Kennett with Judas Iscariot has been paralleled quite recently. A German who was being shown through a Derbyshire church shocked his guide by ejaculating "Bismarck!" Sure enough, when the other looked closely, there was on one of the walls a recognizable portrait, carved in stone, of the great statesmen. The sculptor must have been seized by a fit of whimsicality similar to that which possessed the designers of some new gargoyles, or water-spouts, at the south transept of Chester Cathedral. On these the heads of Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Manning, and others are represented.

A southern vicar, too, not long ago, made the discovery that the figure of a man holding a key in one hand and the model of a building in the other was not St. Peter, but the founder of the particular church in which it is.

Eccentricities of this sort, however, pale before the caricatures to be seen on some of the carved oak of old churches. Wimborne Minister, for example, contains a few curiosities in this way, and the stalls of almost any cathedral will supply specimens of ancient satire on the priesthood. The marvel is, not only that such things are there, but that some ruthless hand has not destroyed them.

On the oak stalls of St. David's Cathedral are two grotesque and quaint carvings. One represents a boat tossed about on a rough sea. A monk is in the middle of the craft, with his head hanging over the side, helplessly sea sick; and another at the helm, steering, is laughing as if he greatly enjoyed the joke. The other is said to be of local application, being an illustration of the old lines—

"Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief," etc.

Two dogs, one with a shoulder blade in his mouth, the other a leg bone, are snarling ferociously at each other. Somebody should write a book upon church caricature. The subject, at which we have merely glanced, is very curious and entertaining.

Tapestry and Stamped Leather.—Tapestry came originally from Byzantium, where its weaving was brought to a high state of perfection. Its expense, like that of all wall carving and stucco, was very great. Stamped leather, which, in a measure, superseded it, was also costly, and possible only to the very wealthy. This stamped leather consisted of the skins of goats and calves cut into rectangular shapes and covered with silver leaf, then varnished with a yellow lacquer to give the appearance of gold. It was stamped with dyes sunken and in relief, and painted in various colors. Wall papering had, in the meantime, been extensively practiced by the monks of Europe. From the seventh century it had been the custom to decorate the walls of churches and cathedrals with biblical scenes and diaper designs.

"Is your daughter progressing well in her music?" Mother—"Oh, splendidly. She sings several songs that you can't understand one word she says."

Scientific and Useful.

Artificial Ivory.—One of the uses of skimmed milk is in the manufacture of an artificial ivory which, in every respect, resembles the original. The milk is mixed with borax, and subjected to a high pressure. The product is well suited for combs, billiard balls and pipe mouthpieces.

Partly of Cork.—There is a new kind of pavement made partly of cork. Cork and several other ingredients are pressed into blocks, which are said to make a pavement at once moderate in cost, durable, silent, non-absorbent, and affording a good foothold for horses.

Petroleum.—The use of petroleum as fuel on torpedo boats has been decided against by the special commission of the French Government, because out of ten cans of petroleum experimented with under the conditions in which they would be placed on board torpedo boats, eight became ignited from concussion after twelve shots had been fired upon the armor plate protecting them.

Sleep.—A foreign scientist offers a new theory of the cause of sleep. He believes the fatigue of the nervous system which leads to this condition of the body to be due to an increase of the water-holding power of the nerve cells. The greater the ability of the cells to hold water the less the nervous irritability of the individual would be. The greater part of the water is eliminated during sleep.

Meat and Food.—A bacteriologist has recently demonstrated that the germs which produce the light of phosphore-scence in decaying matter are able to multiply and develop at the freezing point of water. This agrees with the fact that while meat and other food can be preserved for some days in ice chambers, after a time they acquire a disagreeable taste and smell. To preserve provisions a long time in cold air the element of dryness must be combined with that of low temperature.

Farm and Garden.

Board Measure.—A machine to measure the number of square feet in boards of different widths, without adjusting or altering the former, is a new invention.

Ducks.—Ducks will enjoy themselves on a pond, but they quickly succumb if compelled to sleep in a damp location. Make a board floor to your duck house and keep it covered with hay or straw.

Pure Milk.—You cannot keep milk pure if you have no properly arranged milk cellar or spring house. If milk, butter, turnips, onions, potatoes and other kinds of farm produce are stored in the same place, the milk will absorb odors.

The Scrub.—The scrub rises up in judgment against his owner, and utters a condemnation from which there is really no appeal. Every bone in his body and every hair in his staring coat proclaim: "Thou are the man who vainly expects figs from thistles and brambles.

The Pig.—There is one advantage in keeping a pig or two, even if one is not disposed to produce pork for the market, and that is in securing quality. If you produce your own pork and lard you will then know from what the pork is produced and that the lard is not adjulterated.

Quarantine.—The best place to quarantine is on the farm. All animals that are purchased should be kept separate from the home stock for a sufficient length of time for the development of disease, and when an animal becomes sick on the farm it should be at once removed to some isolated location.

Frost and Soil.—The expansion and contraction of the soil, due to the effects of frost, exert great influence, much depending on the condition of the soil and the amount of water absorbed and retained. Frost may prove beneficial to bare soils, but it does injury to plants unless mulching is resorted to as a protection. A mulch is not intended to protect against the cold, for that is an impossibility, but its purpose is to keep the plants and the ground cold, in order to prevent premature thawing.

Affections of the Liver, Bilious Disorders, Sick Headache, &c., are thoroughly cured by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Acting as a general laxative, they remove all irritating and foul matter from the bowels, gradually change the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and restore these organs to a healthy condition.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

The Court of Conscience.

All cases of conscience are very simple to a calm and good second person, although they may puzzle the first. Really the universal solvent of such should occur to every one; it is the golden rule of Christ; nothing more nor less will satisfy every questioner—"Do unto others as you would they should do unto you"—that is, behave generously to them. In that case self will always go to the wall. If there be a doubt as to A or B, A, being the first person or self, will not be preferred; and there are so few cases of a very intricate nature that very little harm will be done to A.

A continual blinding of conscience has had a wonderful effect on mankind. Some people pretend that they do not know what is right. Many a man continues a course of life which he knows—if he ever thinks at all—to be vicious, and noxious to society; and he does this for a long lifetime without scarcely a prick or sting of conscience; nay, with a notion sometimes that he has "done the thing" as well as it could be done.

But the Court of Conscience is not easily cheated after all. Conscience is the mind of man, and is continually working. No one can set it at defiance, though he may pretend to do so. No man owes a debt, or neglects a duty, without paying very heavily for it. Perhaps there is nothing we remember so well as our debts.

When any man of tender feeling owes another money, he will give himself great trouble to avoid the man; and whenever he sees him, the first thing he thinks of is his debt. The creditor may have forgotten it as too small, but not so the debtor. He will go round three sides of a square block of houses if his creditor lives on the other side. He will, like Mr. Swiveller, find whole streets shut to him, because his tailor or draper lives therein and may see him.

He is always being had up before the Court of Conscience, until sometimes he hardens his heart till all is over; and then, after having resisted all opportunities of good, temptations and reproaches alike forsake him. It is a bad sign, says an old divine, when a man finds the devil leaves him, for then God Almighty leaves him too, as despairing that he will ever turn back and reform.

Happily, with the great majority of men, this state of utter hardness is seldom reached. Murderers even, seem impelled to give some sign that they have done the bloody deed, and urgently wish that their blood may be shed, in order to atone in some way for their crime. With these men, it may be said that conscience is too late, and that, after the deed, remorse starts up.

But this is not the whole of the truth. During the progress of the temptation there has no doubt been a huge and awful struggle: and of those men, in whom the good impulse gains the day, we hear nothing; while of those few men who turn out great villains, we see or read of only the result.

But it is certain that after the deed the Court of Conscience acts still more strongly. It probably never lets a man entirely alone, except in some morbid instances, wherein one has, by some perversity, persuaded himself that he is right. Few men who know the soul and its workings believe in the existence of such persons, or at any rate in the existence of many such, although there are many who seem to awake only when detected in guilt.

The dictates of this Court, then, are the surest guide a man can have for his conduct through life: if he obey them, he may be sure that he will achieve a reasonable state of happiness. If he neglect them, the measure of his wicked success will most likely be the measure of his misery.

There are some diseases that no doctor can cure, and in those which spring from an outraged conscience the doctor especially is powerless. The patient may well throw physic to the dogs when his mind is torn and sore with the memories of a misspent life. He may have piled up money; he may have cajoled, cheated, deceived, and apparently have been very successful; but we may depend upon it that the success is a very rotten one.

Wise men recommend us to leave such criminals to the thorns which prick and sting them. In nine cases out of ten this is all that the injured persons can do. But if they determine to do so, they comfort themselves; and if they return good for evil, they certainly do heap coals of fire upon the heads of the guilty.

It is an easy thing to forgive those who have done you harm; it is a very difficult one to pardon yourself when you have injured others, because your conscience, thrown off its balance, then acts against you, and prompts you to find some reason, cause, or excuse for your bad behaviour.

The workings of conscience begin at a very early period. As soon as Reason shows itself, the silent monitor is at work. Some little children are full of this self-reproach, and are so tender, that to those hardened in the world their poignant regret and grief seem almost affected. For the conscientious person does not measure the wrong inflicted in the same way as does the person who suffers it. It will be well if this tenderness is not checked rudely, for if it continue through life its owner will be a very valuable creature, working his full time, making others happy, creating a very pure atmosphere about him.

EVERY breach of faith, every broken promise, every mean advantage taken, however small and trifling each may appear, helps to build up the dishonesty which at some time, and by some one, wrecks the happiness of multitudes and drags down the sinning one to degradation and sin. The honor of the country and the integrity of the nation are in the hands of every citizen; each is responsible for his share in making or in marring them.

PROSPERITY is consistent with intense worldliness, intense selfishness, intense hardness of heart, while the grander features of human character—self-sacrifice, disregard of pleasure, patriotism, love of knowledge, devotion to any great and good cause—these have no tendencies to bring men what is called fortune.

IT has been well said, that the thing most likely to make the angels wonder, is to see a proud man. But pride of birth is the most ridiculous of all vanities; it is like the boasting of the root of the tree, instead of the fruit it bears.

IT is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge, that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary, it increases by the multiple of its own power: all its ends become means; all its attainments help to new conquests.

THERE are but three kinds of wrongs in our lives: The wrongs a man does to his own soul or body, or suffers in either; the wrongs of man against his brother man; the wrongs between man and woman.

BOTH wit and understanding are trifles without integrity. The ignorant peasant without fault is greater than the philosopher with many. What is genius or courage without a heart?

AN innocent nature could hate nothing that was innocent, in a word, so great is the commutation that the soul then hates only that which now only it loves,—namely, sin.

BY luxury we condemn ourselves to greater torments than have yet been invented by anger or revenge, or inflicted by the greatest tyrants upon the worst of men.

HE that would make a real progress in knowledge must dedicate his age as well as youth,—the latter grown as well as first fruits,—at the altar of truth.

DEFERENCE often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

SCANDAL is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

PHILLIS.—The letters with the anchor we suppose are the initials of the words, "Wisdom, Patience, Hope."

J. ROWLANDS.—It is quite impossible to remove tattoo stains, if they have been thoroughly done, except by a surgical operation involving the removal of the skin, and deeper structures affected, which we could not recommend.

E. R.—You should decide upon this matter for yourself. Be governed by your own preference. If you desire to court the young lady and win her, avail yourself of the privilege of renewing the intimacy.

TONY.—The line of Royal succession to the British crown at the present time is as follows: The Prince of Wales, Prince George of Wales, the Duchess of Fife, and Lady Mary Duff, daughter of the Duchess of Fife.

NORTON.—Crazy quilts are composed of numerous pieces of silk, velvet, poplin, etc., of all shapes and sizes, put together in the most fantastic manner, no set design being followed. No two pieces alike are used in the same quilt.

G. R. P.—Violet sachet powder is made by mixing together twenty-four ounces of powdered orris-root, three ounces of gum benzoin, four drachms of tonquin bean, six drops of oil of bitter almonds, and six drachms of extract of cassia.

ANXIETY.—The conditions under which you will get the insurance money can be learned on applying to the insurance company, but you will have to satisfy it that the man insured and the man deceased are the same, as well as that he is really deceased.

S. W. B.—The habit of snubbing is a most disagreeable one. Those who are snubbed are generally taken off their guard, and this constitutes their main annoyance. They are given a sudden blow when they are careless and at ease in the security of social intercourse, and thus they are placed at a great disadvantage.

LITTLE.—Strict etiquette requires that a lady meeting a gentleman with whom she is acquainted, should give the first bow of recognition; but this rule is not invariably followed. A gentleman bows and raises his hat to every lady of his acquaintance whom he chances to meet, without waiting for her to do so first. As politeness requires that each shall salute the other, the recognition will thus be simultaneous.

PLATE.—The subjoined table gives the composition of the chief kinds of glass: Window-glass—including crown, sheet, and plate—silicate of soda and lime, and sometimes silicate of potash and lime; Bohemian crystal glass, silicate of potash and lime; flint-glass, silicate of potash and lead; common bottle-glass, silicate of lime and alumina, with smaller quantities of the silicates of potash or soda, iron and manganese. The silicates of baryta and magnesia are also frequently present in this kind of glass.

GERTRUDE.—It is probable that your eye is subject to a nervous affection. However that may be, the right course is to consult a good doctor at once, for you cannot afford to dally with an affection of the eyes. The sympathy between one eye and the other is very great, and you cannot endanger one without endangering both. Think of what that means. It is of very great importance to get into a good state of general health; but your efforts in that direction ought not to prevent you from taking medical advice from a competent man. There is a disease called nystagmus the symptoms of which closely resemble those you describe.

LENA G.—It would be extremely imprudent for a young lady so make a mere gentleman acquaintance a present. Unmarried ladies enjoy many privileges, but they are not allowed to forget what is due to the dignity and delicacy of their sex. Men are suspicious, as well as vain, and in the matter of presents are apt to jump at rapid conclusions. The strict etiquette is that no lady should make a present to a stranger, not even of her own sex. Independent of the unwarrantable conclusions, offence might be taken at the character of the gift; for it is essential in all matters of this kind that the taste of the person intended to be honored should be consulted.

G. A. G.—A proper knowledge of the domestic duties of a wife being essential to the maintenance of the character, it becomes her to apply herself to the performance of them with a determination and integrity of purpose capable of resisting, or at all events calmly bearing with, the most adverse circumstances that may befall her. Nor is this all; in carrying out her views she should carefully avoid falling into the extreme of being too exact. Men like cleanliness and order, but they dislike hustle and confusion. "There is a time for all things," therefore the wife, in consulting her own and her husband's comfort, would do well so to divide her arrangements that they will not necessarily interfere with her husband's occupation or hours of quietness and repose. A house well cleaned does not require to be constantly scrubbed, nor is it necessary to make a servant tidy, that she should be scolded from morning till night. Husbands intensely dislike such perfect housekeeping; and though they may not for some time, perhaps years, complain, wives who are addicted to such practices may rely upon it that they may make a deep impression upon the husband, and lay the foundation of a dislike of home that leads to the worst consequences.

THE HONEY-BEE.

BY BELLE BROOKS.

A careless little rover,
Who spends the passing hours,
From morn till eve—the gallant—
In dalliance with the flowers.

He cares not for the blossoms
He trifles with, you see;
He only wants the honey—
Man is a honey-bee.

A Venice Cinderella.

BY M. T. C.

FROM out a polished mirror, whose richly carved silver frame formed a metal frame work for the charming tableaux portrayed therein, flashed two faces; the one in the foreground, with liquid, bewildering, Italian eyes, and clear, dark skin, through which the southern blood flushed on the rounded cheek with a crimson dye, as vivid as the sunset of her native sky; whilst the lustrous raven hair, wound in skilful coils around the stately head, secured by a golden arrow, thickly studded with sparkling gems, and jeweled bands and massive ornaments of gold clasped here and there, heightened the charms of a swan-like neck and graceful arm; while the imperial form hardly deigned to be confined by the rich, ruby velvet bodice, whose heavy fringe of small pearls betrayed the high rank and wealth of the youthful wearer.

The other, a calm, pale face, of snowy fairness, meek, hazel eyes, with a serene light scarce hidden by the drooping silken lashes, the faintest sea-shell tinge upon the cheek, but the hue of the coral on the indescribably charming lips, and all enhanced by a luxurious fall of soft brown curls about the slender throat.

It was simple beauty, unadorned and uncared for; and the slight, willowy form was clothed plainly in a coarse gray garment, as forcibly bespeaking her humble position as the gorgeous apparel of the other proclaimed her loftly estate.

It was when charming, romantic Venice was in its glory, and Lady Bianca Carlo was toasted at the ducal fetes, as the most beautiful and peerless of all the high-born maidens in the famous, wave-washed city of the sea, while little Lucia Amborini was but her humble tirewoman, unknown and unhonored, although to be sure, if she had dared, she might have claimed a share of the noble blood the Lady Bianca so haughtily asserted to equal that of princes, for her mother had been a Carlo, discarded and denounced by the whole haughty family when she listened to the prayers of the plebeian painter Amborini, and stole away from her palace home to share his humble lodgings.

Persecution and alienation from her kin ties had soon withered away the young wife's life, after her husband's sudden death, and she had come speedily to a premature grave, sending her only child, little Lucia, with an imploring appeal for mercy and protection to her brother, the father of the Lady Bianca.

The disgrace, however, had never been forgiven, and Lucia was only a servant in her uncle's house. Possibly she might have been more kindly cared for had she possessed less of the Carlo' vaunted beauty; but when one day a thoughtless visitor openly expressed his admiration, the seal was set to Lucia's fate, and the haughty Bianca exiled her thenceforward from all kindness and favor.

Nevertheless, those dexterous fingers were kept active in her employment from morning till night. Even then, they were busy arranging the glossy braids, and twining the jeweled bands, while Lady Bianca sat before the mirror watching the effect, directing an alteration here, and an addition there, till poor Lucia's slender wrists were aching with fatigue.

When at last the capricious beauty was satisfied with the radiant vision in the mirror, she said, languidly, "Get thee to the wardrobe, Lucia, and bring hither the mantle for my head. The air is soft and balmy; the last new veil will be warm enough, and will match right prettily with the jewels."

Speedily returned Lucia with the black lace mantilla, gemmed with stones and bordered with sparkling silver fringe, and Lady Bianca flung it coquettishly around her head, its ample network falling nearly to her feet.

She smiled at its marvellous effect, half-shrouding, and yet heightening every regal charm, and murmured softly as Lucia retired to a distant window, "Will Grimani remain still cold and insensible? Nay, something tells me I shall conquer to-night. I shall have him at my feet What else could he have meant by saying I should see the bride he had chosen? Truly it would be right gallant to lead me to that old mirror in the ducal palace, and bend his graceful form amid the throng of suitors that follow wherever Bianca Carlo moves."

Her soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of her father, a tall, stately man, in black velvet doublet, thickly embroidered with gold, with the diamond star shining on his breast, to show his patrician birth.

"Nay, Bianca," said he, "but thou art lovelier than thine own lovely self. All Venice will be at thy feet to-night, my child."

She gave an answering, complacent smile, and drew away the crimson drapery from the window to gaze down into the wave-washed street. Her own gondola was lying moored below at the marble steps.

Glancing up at the fading sunset-sky, where star after star was faintly trembling into view, she said, impatiently, "Methinks the bells of St. Mark are laggard. It should be near the hour of departure, by the sky. Ah, there they ring!" she cried, as suddenly the mellow chimes reverberate through the square. "Lucia, call Florida to attend the gondola, and do thou gather the scattered jewels to the casket, and arrange to-morrow's wardrobe, and be ready to disrobe me speedily when I return."

The entrance of a servant, presenting a quaintly carved ivory box, arrested her steps, and she sank back into her seat again.

"It was left by a stranger page for my lady," said the woman.

The lid was raised speedily, disclosing at first only a small hand mirror, in a superb frame of massive silver leaves studded thickly with emeralds. "A pretty fancy," said the fair patrician, handing it to her father, and lifting from its satin bed a choicely arranged bouquet of superb blossoms, among which lay coiled a serpent bracelet, the scintillating scales formed by diamonds and emeralds.

"A costly offering, by my troth," said her father, smiling at her glowing face. "From what gallant does it come, Bianca?"

"I fancy from Count Grimani. If not, then it can only be Carrafelli, the stranger who is astonishing Venice with his prodigality," she replied, in composed musical tones, while her throbbing heart was whispering, "It is Grimani, surely, and the mirror shows the bride he promised I should see."

Antonio Grimani, sole heir to the wealth and noble palace of his princely family, and possessor of great personal attractions, as well as of a character remarkable for its purity and integrity in those luxurious times, might well have won away a heart, even as proud and capricious as that of Lady Bianca Carlo; but a far greater attraction had been for her the coldness and carelessness he had always evinced for the charms that had brought the other cavaliers of Venice in humble homage at her feet. This insensibility on his part had piqued her into the determination to win his affection in spite of every obstacle.

Believing that she had at last succeeded in this object, she called Lucia to fasten the bracelet on her wrist, and fairly radiant with conscious loveliness and triumph, leaned lightly on her father's arm, and, with a joyfully throbbing heart, descended the marble steps to the gondola, which was swiftly borne along the grand canal, on its way to the great fete at the ducal palace, with anticipations of which all Venice had been astir for many weeks.

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The dimness of evening crept in through the window Lady Bianca had left unshrouded, and after replacing the scattered jewels in their casket, humble little Lucia extinguished the flaming tapers and sat down there, where the cool breeze wantoned with her curls, gazing down sadly into the street beneath.

"Ah me," she sighed, as the water became agitated with the gondolas speeding along to the ducal fete, "how fine it must be at the fete to-night! If I could have a single peep at the splendor I have dreamed so much about, methinks I should be content. What a hard lot is mine, while Bianca, my own cousin, though she treats me as her servant, has every blessing showered upon her. How beautifully she looked, and what splendid jewels she wore! She will be the queen of the festive hall. Ah, how fine it must seem to her! What ails me to-night?" Here the glossy curls received a significant shake. What a foolish girl I am, to be sure? Was I not as happy when Antonio brought me that darling rosebud yester-eve, as she with her costly gifts? And would I change my handsome gondolier, poor and humble though he is, for the great Count Grimani, whom one can see is always in her thoughts when she is dressed for company? Nay, I am content with my lot, only I do so long to see one fete like this. The bright lights, and flowers; and music and brilliant dresses, haunt me, and make my own poor robe and menial life seem weary and distasteful."

The tears came flashing over Lucia's delicate cheek, but were as quickly replaced by a joyful smile, as a peculiar strain of vocal music came floating up to her, and gazing down below, she perceived a plain, dark gondola gliding up to the steps of the Carlo palace.

"It is Antonio, surely!" she exclaimed, springing up, and wrapping her slight form in a dark gray mantle. "I thought he would be kept busy plying to and fro with the visitors at the fete."

Away she fled down the staircase into the arched passage-way, whose grim lions carved on either side had often witnessed the meetings of this cast-off scion of the great Carlo family with the obscure and humble gondolier. A graceful form sprang up from the oars and drew her fondly to his side.

"You see I am here, Lucia," said he, "my darling, light of my eyes! Come with me into the gondola. I have much to say to you, and no time to lose by the interruptions we might meet with here."

She allowed him to lead her into the little luxuriously furnished room of the gondola, where a hanging silver lamp diffused a twilight radiance, and did not check him, as he dropped the velvet arras over the windows to screen them from all view without, but retreated bashfully when he folded his arms about her slender waist, and pressed his lips again and again to her snowy forehead.

"Nay, nay, Antonio," said she "thou art over bold to-night; be quiet, and let me tell thee how glad I am to see thee this night of all others. Thou shalt be my confessor, and hear how ungrateful and repining I have been. Scarcely wilt thou believe that a moment since I was lost in a flood of tears."

"In tears, Lucia—for what? Have you dared——"

A low, musical laugh checked him. "Nay," said Lucia, "it was all my own foolishness. I do believe it was all because I could not dress finely, wear jewels, and go to the great fete to-night. Now confess thy Lucia the most ridiculous maiden in all Venice."

"Nay," replied Antonio, smiling proudly at the pretty roguish face that was upturned to his; "why not wish to grace the great assembly? There will not be a fairer face, my Lucia, there to-night."

"O, Antonio," she said, "if thou couldst have seen Lady Bianca, thou wouldst say no more in praise of Lucia's poor, pale face."

"Ah, Lucia, Lucia, thou hast done sorry work for poor Antonio," returned her lover. "I had well nigh forgotten the tidings I came to bring. If thou wilt, thou canst go to the fete, to-night, and hold thy little head as high as the proudest there. Listen to the marvellous tidings, Lucia. Thou knowest Count Grimani, the most worthy and illustrious, they say, of Venetia's patrician youths. O, Lucia, where did he spy my flower? He has seen thee, loved thee, and applied to the doge for permission to make thee his bride, and as thy mother's birth doth not infringe the law, the doge has consented. Jewels, and fetes, and broidered robes, will be thine now, Lucia, and poor Antonio, will be forgotten. But if thou art happy, he will try and keep his heart from breaking with the thought of thy prosperity. He loves thee all too well to hold thee back from such a splendid fate."

He hid the glossy face in his hands, but she was shaking her fair head in gleeful scorn.

"Dost thou think that because Carnival is here, that I shall credit thy wild story?" she asked. "Poor little Lucia Amborni, the humble tirewoman, will be fortunate to exchange her present lot for the cheerful home of a lowly gondolier. Because she is silly enough to talk about the great fete, will thou cheat her into believing that the great count, whom the Lady Bianca can scarcely win to her feet, is ready to take her to his palace? Shame on thee, Antonio, to jest thus with me!"

The young man lifted his bowed head, and, raising his hand upward, said solemnly, "It is no jest, Lucia. I swear by the lions of St. Mark I have told you nothing but the truth."

Instantly the pretty glow of indignation faded from her face, and amazement and perplexity struggled with a nameless feeling of terror. These were lost in a sudden radiant light that glowed around her, like the great painter's seraphs in St. Mark's and bending towards him, she said, thrillingly, "and dost thou doubt thy Lucia's answer, supposing this marvelous thing should chance? It is thou, Antonio, that hast my heart, and only thou who canst have my hand."

The young gondolier kissed the soft hand reverentially, but answered gravely, "Thou art an angel of truth and purity, sweet one, but thou must weigh the matter seriously. The count bears a stainless reputation. He would give thee every earthly luxury and enjoyment, and the humble gondolier could offer little but his love to soothe the care and hardship of the lot that would surely madden the heart wherein thy mother's patrician blood is already clamoring for loftier things. The very life thou hast been craving for to-night is within thy grasp. Thou shalt not put it for poor Antonio."

"Hear me," said the maiden, slowly and impressively. "It is thou, Antonio, who makest the light of Lucia's life. The damp churchyard vault by the side were more welcome to me than a palace of my own where thou couldst not come. If this wild tale be true, take me, I implore thee, where no count or ducal messenger can reach me. Let me go with thee to the altar this very hour—only forget that it was I who proposed such an unmaidenly request."

A rapturous flood of words broke from the young man's lips. He caught the light form in his arms, and covered her with passionate kisses.

"Sweetest Lucia," said he, "purest pearl of the Adriatic, I accept the sacrifice—thou shalt indeed be mine. So in, my love, and speedily I will send a gondola to bear us to our bridal. Fear not to obey the directions of whoever brings this ring to thee." And he held towards her a twisted hoop, with a single glittering opal for the serpent's eye.

Confused and bewildered, Lucia suffered him to lead her again to the doorway of the Carlo palace, and scarcely heeding his joyous adieu, stood dreamily watching the gondola, till it shot away from view. Then she ascended the stairs to her own little room, like one in a deep trance. Mechanically she gathered together her scanty wardrobe, sighing at first, and then smiling, to find no garment suitable for a bride.

The coarse gray dress she wore was her very best. All she could do was to smooth out her tumbled curls, and fasten them with the white bud Antonio had given her the night before. A cautious step, however, startled her, and she trembled nervously, as a strange female, with a large package in her arms, came stealthily to her side.

"I have brought the lady's bridal garment," whispered the woman, beginning to unfold her articles, and lengthen them one by one upon the little couch.

"How thoughtful is Antonio," murmured Lucia; but she started back in terror as she caught a glimpse of the rich velvet and fairy-like lace, and saw the flashing light of diamond ornaments shining out from the tiny cases. "Nay, nay!" cried she, faintly, as the stranger smoothed out a pearl-fringed patrician mantle, before adding it to the glittering trousseau. "There is some strange mistake. These beautiful garments are not for me."

"The gondolier bade me show you this, and tell you to have no fear, but question no one till you met with him," said she, holding up to the maiden's bewildered gaze the opal ring.

Lucia was silenced. Not a word more escaped her while she suffered herself to be arrayed in the costly garments; not even when finally a pearl-embroidered bridal veil, fit for a royal head, was thrown around her slender form.

Once, catching a glimpse in a mirror, of a white-robed, resplendent figure, glittering with costly jewels from soft brown tresses, to fairy, satin-slippered foot, she passed her hand across her eyes, asked herself what weird spirit had taken possession of her—if it were possible it could be poor Lucia Amborini, the down-trodden harshly-chidden tirewoman of the Lady Bianca Carlo, she saw before her. All that had gone before had been so strange, she did not pause to wonder her progress was not molested by the troop of servants waiting in the passage-way to catch a glimpse of her. Only when she entered the carpeted, flower-wreathed gondola, and Antonio sprang to meet her, did speech return. Clinging wildly to his hand, she pointed from her own pearl-

fringed, patrician mantle, to the diamond star of nobility glittering on his embroidered doublet, and gasped faintly, "What does it mean, Antonio? Hast thou a magician's wand, or is there a glamor fallen upon my sight?"

His face was radiant with joyful pride and tenderest love, and drawing the beautiful vision fondly to his side, he said, gently, "Will thou not trust me a little longer, sweet one—my life—my bride? Thou seest of a verity it is thine own Antonio. Dost thou care to know more now?"

"Nay, nay, I can trust thee, Antonio, whatever betide," she replied. "I will not be frightened, even though I find myself at the great fete, whilst thou art there with me," she whispered, reassured by her earnest glance in that honest ingenuous face. "Whatever thou art, thou canst never be more to me than thou hast been. If thy station be higher than I believed it, thou dost know that Lucia's love was gained by the humble gondolier, and not by rank or show."

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Amid the gorgeous scenes of the great fete at the doge's palace, followed by a murmur of applause and approbation wherever she passed, the Lady Bianca moved restlessly through the gay assembly, leaning on the arm of Count Carrafelli, who seemed more desperately enamored than ever before. But Bianca's eyes wandered here and there throughout the crowd, searching for the graceful figure, whose non-appearance had already caused many curious inquiries. The doge, likewise, was missing, and when at last he was discovered ascending the steps to the ducal throne, all whispered conversation and merry laughter ceased, and a lull of expectancy followed. The doge waved his hand, and the soft strains of music died away. Then, with a merry gleam in his mild, gray eyes, he thus addressed the assembly:—

"Pardon, kind friends and noble citizens all, my claiming your attention, but I trust not to mar the evening's festivities by informing you of a surprise in store for you, and relating a little romance that has occurred in our midst, the happy conclusion of which you shall all witness.

"Not long since, a senator, the esteemed sire of one of our noblest youths, was chiding him in my presence for his insensibility to the charms of our farfamed Venetian beauties, and lamenting the loneliness of a home which a fair young bride would make so joyous. I, too, joined my urgent entreaties, that he would allow me to give him a bridal fete, but the youth shook his head despondently, assuring us that the only maiden who could claim his heart, would be interdicted by us both, not for lack of beauty or virtue, but for the humble position she had hitherto occupied. In alarm we both exclaimed that we trusted he had not forgotten the marriage laws established by the council for the patricians of immortal Venice. 'Nay,' replied he, 'this stranger was not alone the fairest and purest maiden in our vaunted city; but she escaped the law as a plebeia, since her lawfully wedded mother had been of the highest patrician blood. It only needed my own and his father's consent, to make his union with her legal and honorable.

"The lover's description of so pure and rare a pearl, unknown, in our very midst, aroused my curiosity, and his earnestness moved me to declare, if he could prove her all he had portrayed, as Doge of Venice I would authorise and command the nuptials. He had informed us that the maiden only knew and loved him as an humble gondolier, and he was well assured no art or tempting bride could win her from him. 'That,' said he, 'shall be the test. Take me where I can be unseen, but hear the girl's decision plainly, and convince her that another—your own true, titled self, of whose fame and reputation she had doubtless heard—has become enamored of her, and seeks her for his bride; and if she refuses the brilliant offer, to keep faithfully her vow to one whom she believes only a humble gondolier, I will confess her the pearl of our city, and give her a bridal worthy of the noblest of the land.'

"Not an hour since, my friends, concealed behind the arras of his gondola, I heard the tempting offer of a palace and diadem put scornfully aside for an honest heart and lowly lot. Therefore you will see I have lost my wager, he has gained his bride, and this goodly company will grace the nuptials."

As he concluded he waved his hand authoritatively toward the shrouded doorway of an antechamber leading to the grand staircase of the hall, and at a signal from an usher waiting there, the richly carved doors unclosed as if by magic, and with a low, sweet refrain of music, came a troop of white-robed girls, scattering wreaths of fragrant flowers before the pathway of the advancing couple. Count Grimani's tall form was tenderly supporting a slight, airy figure that clung trembling and bewildered to his arm, the sweet face alternately flushing with timid joy, and paling with awe and excitement. In the rear followed the priestly train. Onward passed the group through the watchful crowd to the steps of the ducal chair, and there the solemn ceremony was performed.

Astonishment and excitement kindled every eye in the vast, magnificent hall, but the Lady Bianca Carlo's brilliant cheek grew suddenly white as the myrtle blossoms nestling amid the costly lace and jeweled bands across her throbbing heart. Never once were her wild, glittering eyes removed from the bridegroom's radiant face, till the doge descended to greet the new-made Countess Grimani. Then she bent forward to see the face disclosed to view, when the floating veil was for the moment brushed aside by the snowy arm, encircled by diamond coils that far outshone the glittering serpent the humble Lucia had clasped for her but a short time before.

What was there in those pure, pale features and dove-like eyes to bring such a gleam of wicked hate to the haughty brow of the Lady Bianca Carlo? Wherefore did she clench her jeweled hands so madly, muttering, "Lucia—by all the saints, it is Lucia Amborini that has outwitted me! Mine own menial, whom I left to arrange my scattered wardrobe, is now the Countess Grimani!"

Suddenly becoming aware of Count Carrafelli's scrutinising glance, the proud girl with a mighty effort called back her usual air of stately grace, and began carelessly a light conversation with him. No further emotion could his watchful eye detect, till Count Grimani, with his fairy, charming bride, came smiling towards them. Then the blanched lips were closely compressed, and one hand pressed hard against her breast, as if to crush down some sudden pang; and with a haughty bow she turned abruptly away, and seeking her father's side, begged to return home.

Not many weeks after, Count Carrafelli bore away from Venice to his villa, a pale, haughty, chillingly beautiful bride; for the Lady Bianca sternly refused to remain longer in Venice, where she had reigned so long, to see the whole city offering its ardent homage that had been hers, at the shrine of one they styled in their romantic language, "The Pure Pearl of the Adriatic"—the fair and happy wife of Count Grimani, the old time humble Lucia Amborini.

A Ball-Dress.

BY L. G.

MISS JULIA CARBY, after worrying her meek step-mother into tears, and her stout, pompous father to within an ace of an epileptic fit, had gone off to the Lady Mayoress' ball in a towering passion.

She was a belle, and she knew it; but her conviction that she was one of the handsomest women in London would not satisfy her, unless it were widely recognized. To obtain this recognition she was careful to set off her beauty with all the accessories of dress; and on this particular occasion had intended to eclipse her compeers by the elegance of her costume.

How many hours she had spent in consultation with Madame Rudolphine, how many times she had insisted on some trivial alteration, which after all was not an improvement, we will not stop to recount.

At last her requirements had been satisfied, and the dress, over which no expense was to be spared, was set in hand. Madame had faithfully promised it for the ball, and her promises could always be relied on; yet the carriage was at the door, Mr. Carby fussing and fuming at the delay, Mrs. Carby shivering anxiously, and wishing some one would take her stepdaughter off her hands, and Miss Julia Carby pacing her chamber, in her white embroidered under-skirts and camisole, furious at the delay; but the dress, where was that?

The carriage was sent off to madame's, and orders given, with a stamp of the beauty's foot, that it was to be brought finished or unfinished. But the demand was met by madame's forewoman with a positive assurance that it had been despatched by the usual messenger quite an hour earlier.

Where, then, was it?

Miss Carby raged and fumed, till her father raged and fumed yet more loudly, and as his daughter stood in some awe of the author of her birth, she had to choose quickly between the alternatives set before her.

Be left at home, she would not; therefore she must content herself with one of the many evening-dresses already hanging in her wardrobe.

But Miss Julia Carby's wrath was not appeased by the consciousness gleaned from her cheval-glass, that her toilet was not the success it was intended to be, and poor little Mrs. Carby spent un mauvais quart d'heure in the carriage in consequence.

A delicious sense of tranquility stole over the establishment, as soon as the heads of it had departed.

Mrs. Carby's maid, who had been called downstairs with more wraps for her mistress—Miss Carby's ditto, who had been in close attendance upon the young lady till the moment, were both in the morning-room, and with them were the pleasant, elderly head nurse, whose services had been in requisition to sew on a glove-button, and Hetty Denver, the schoolroom maid, who had tied Miss Julia's sash, and the ribbon of her fan.

All four breathed freely now peace succeeded the confusion of the last two or three hours, and lingered beside the fire to exchange confidences.

"This is the most wearying situation I was ever in!" said nurse. "The children are dear little things, and their mother would be very nice if allowed to have her own way. I do contrive to uphold my authority in the nursery, but it is with great difficulty. I have always lived in good families, and am not used to so much fault-finding and interference."

"Neither am I," said Mrs. Carby's maid. "I could satisfy my mistress well enough, but I'm always being told Miss Julia says this is not properly cut, and that doesn't fit, till I'm that cross I feel tempted to say, 'Well, then, let Miss Julia do it herself.'"

"Ah!" sighed Miss Carby's personal attendant, "if you find such constant snapping and snarling hard to put up with, how do you think I get on? I am no sooner out of one trouble than into another, and never can give satisfaction. It makes me tired of my life. If it were not that the wages are good, and I want to be near my mother, while she is so ill. I'd have given notice months ago. Hetty"—and she nodded at the pretty young creature, whose duties were to wait upon, and work for two younger Misses Carby, and their governess—"Hetty is best off, for Miss Willis is a civil little body, and the little girls take after their ma in sweetness of temper."

"But Miss Julia is continually interfering with me," pouted Hetty; if she meets me on the stairs she frowns, and asks me if I have nothing better to do than run about the house? She comes into my workroom a dozen times a day on some pretext or other, and I know it is only to see if she can find me idle. I do believe she hates me. Why is it? I'm always willing to fetch or carry for her, mend her music and her gloves, finish off her fancy-work, or do anything else she asks me."

Nurse smiled, but did not speak; she knew the reason Miss Julia had taken a dislike to the pretty obliging schoolroom maid, for she had been within hearing when a visitor, more frank than prudent, had remarked on Hetty's good looks adding that she had an excellent figure, and, taken altogether, bore some resemblance to Miss Carby herself.

But the gossip by the fire was interrupted. The lad had arrived with the ball-dress, and accounted for the delay by telling a woeful story. He had been knocked down by a runaway horse, and so severely hurt as to be rendered insensible for a considerable time, which he had spent in the chemist's shop to which he was carried.

He had, however, retained his hold of the box entrusted to him, and now delivered it, slightly battered and muddy outside, but its contents uninjured. This the lady's-maid ascertained by opening it and taking out the dress, which one of them shook out of its folds, and held up to the admiring gaze of the rest.

"Madame never made anything prettier!" said one; "It is simply charming!"

"But half its elegance will be lost on Miss Julia," observed another; "it is too delicate for such a full-blown beauty. It ought to be worn by a blonde, not a brunette."

"A fair-haired, innocent faced, pink-and-white young thing like Hetty," cried Mrs. Carby's maid. "Put it on, Het, and let us see how you would look in it."

"May I? Shall? queried the girl, her eyes sparkling. "It wouldn't do it any harm, and I should dearly like to see myself in full dress just for once."

No one offering any opposition, Hetty hastened to divest herself of her neat dark merino gown, and in five minutes was arrayed in the pale blue ball-dresses. Her spirits excited by the approving exclamations of her companions, and the laughter her sallies evoked, she began sweeping her trained skirts to and fro, and imitating to the life the mincing gestures and niminy-piminy utterances of a very affected young lady, a frequent visitor at the house.

Suddenly the laughter ceased. Nurse vanished through a door leading into the conservatory, and was promptly followed by both the lady's-maids, for Mrs. Carby's page had ushered into the room a gentlemanly man, in traveling-cap and ulster, with a small leather case in his hands.

Poor Hetty longed for the convenient trap-door of the stage, that she might sink through it and become invisible. How was it she had not heard this stranger arrive?

A question answered presently. Madame's messenger had lingered at the door to relate his adventure to the sympathizing page, a country youth, so now to his duties, that when the visitor ran up the steps and asked for his master, he forgot to inform him that Mr. Carby was not at home.

This fact was, however, made known to him by Hetty as soon as she could speak. How cruel of the others to forsake her! She was very much disposed to take flight, too, and might have yielded to the impulse but for the glimpse of the leather case the stranger placed upon the table.

It suggested the idea that its owner might be one of those importunate canvassers who go from house to house endeavoring to obtain subscribers to the various serials, of which they carry specimen copies.

This idea gave her courage to remain and conceal the fright into which his appearance had thrown her. If her voice fluttered as she explained that both Mr. and Mrs. Carby were out, he did not seem to notice it, or to suspect that instead of being a daughter of the house she was masquerading.

"I am sorry to have missed my good friend," he said, sinking wearily into the nearest chair. "Not that it signifies, as I had arranged to go to an hotel, and can leave with you the etchings, with which I have been entrusted by a mutual acquaintance for Mr. Carby. His daughter, I presume?"

"Oh, no," said Hetty, blushing vividly; "But I will take great care of anything you like to leave in my charge."

Again she was thanked, and then there was a pause, while the visitor felt in his pocket for his card-case, and exacted a pasteboard slip that bore the name of Sir Charles Vinson.

"I am wondering," he said, when he had put it into her hand, "whether I may ask you to give me a cup of strong tea before I go to my hotel? I am suffering from a maddening, nervous headache, the result of a very rough passage across the Channel, and the discomfort of a crowded train from Folkestone."

The sympathising Hetty promptly rang for the tea, and then flew to Mrs. Carby's dressing-room for eau-de-Cologne and a specific, from which she knew that lady often found relief when the stormy moods of her step-daughter brought on an attack of neuralgia.

Sir Charles Vinson may have felt surprised to find himself so kindly waited upon by a young girl not attired in the simple dress of home, but arrayed in an elegant and costly costume-du-bal, but he was in too much pain to be very inquisitive.

Eased, if not absolutely cured by Hetty's remedies, he went away, saying he would make another call on Mr. Carby in the course of a few days; and as soon as the door closed upon him, the young girl hastened to resume her ordinary attire.

Although she laughed with her companions over the stranger's untoward appearance, she felt somewhat nervous lest it should lead to unpleasant results.

However, Sir Charles Vinson paid his promised call, proving a frequent visitor, and nothing came of it. He was a wealthy young Baronet, whose love of sport and adventure had long made him a wanderer in other lands, and kept him a bachelor; but now he talked of wintering in London, and Julia Carby, who liked the idea of being called "my lady," and believed that

she was his attraction, did her utmost to induce him to settle down altogether.

Hetty smiled at the gossip that sometimes reached her as she sat at her work, busy and happy, except when Miss Carby was more than ordinarily exacting.

She had never seen Sir Charles since the evening she figured before him in the blue ball-dress, and had almost forgotten the circumstances connected with his arrival, when she was summoned to the drawing-room one morning, and the first thing her eye fell upon was the robe in question.

Mrs. Carby sat by the fire, flushed and uneasy. Her step-daughter was standing in the centre of the floor, her imposing figure drawn up stiffly, and that look in her eyes everyone in the house had learned to recognise and dread.

"So," she said, very slowly, surveying the shrinking Hetty, who was turning pale and trembling already—"so you take advantage of my absence to ransack my wardrobes, and wear my clothes! If this is not consummate audacity——"

"I have never done anything so bad as that," the girl eagerly protested. "Dawson, your maid, will bear me witness that I have never entered your room when you were not there."

"Don't quote Dawson!" she was interrupted. "I have already questioned her, and though she lies and equivocates almost as badly as you, she cannot wholly deny it."

"I will not tell you any untruths, Miss Carby," said Hetty, proudly. "It is quite true that I——"

"Say no more. You hear me, don't you, mamma?" and the young lady turned to her step-mother. "I suppose you will not take her part any longer. Give her her wages, and let her leave the house immediately. Her boxes can be sent after her, when we have satisfied ourselves that there is nothing in them that does not belong to her."

"I am no thief!" responded Hetty, gaining courage from her innocence.

And Mrs. Carby, who was really attached to the quiet, active, intelligent girl in attendance on her little daughters, ventured to interpose on her behalf.

"We have never suspected her of dishonesty, my dear Julia; and as she is very sorry, and you yourself say the dress is not soiled——"

"Do you think I would put it on after it has been worn by one of your servants, ma'am?" she was asked, severely. "Will you pay her her wages and discharge her, or must I?"

"If we were to hear what she has to say—what explanation she has to offer——"

But poor Mrs. Carby was not allowed to finish; the inexorable Julia was producing her own purse, and her step-mother, aware that she would not deal generously with the culprit, hastily wrote out a cheque, putting it into Hetty's hand with a kind but half whispered hope that she would soon meet with another situation.

"But do not apply here for a character, because it would be impossible to give you a good one," added Julia, who partly heard, partly guessed the purport of the whisper.

Hetty locked together her shaking fingers, and burst into tears.

"Do not say that, pray! What shall I do if you refuse to say a word in my favor? I have no home but what my brother gives me, and he has a delicate wife, and can ill afford to be burdened with me."

"You should have thought of this sooner," was the reply. "As for the dress you have presumed to wear——"

Rolling it up, Miss Carby thrust it into the grate, where it burned so furiously as to set the chimney on fire. Mrs. Carby fled the room, and went into hysterics in the nursery; the servants ran hither and thither, frightened and helpless, till the fire brigade came to their assistance, while the cause of the disaster scolded and threatened, scouring everyone but herself.

But she did not relent towards Hetty, and when Sir Charles Vinson paid his customary afternoon visit a cab was at the door, and the young girl was just departing.

Although her pretty face was disfigured with crying, the Baronet remembered it, and paused; but at sight of him Hetty gave an angry sob.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, in her distress, "it was cruel of you to betray me to Miss Carby! It was a foolish act, I know, to try on a dress intended for her, but I meant no harm, and the fright I had at seeing you would have deterred me from ever doing such a thing again."

She hurried on, and the amazed Baronet turned to nurse, who had accompanied Hetty downstairs to see the last of her.

"Who is this young person? and of what is she accusing me? I remember I did purpose inquiring of Mrs. or Miss Carby to whom I was indebted for the very kind attentions paid to me when I first came here, but have been ungrateful enough to forget."

In a very few sentences, nurse, who thought Hetty hardly used, told him all he sought to know; and during half an hour's confidential chat with Mrs. Carby, he gleaned the fact that Hetty owed her dismissal not to any revelation of his, but to her having left her handkerchief in the pocket of the ball-dress. There it had lain until Julia, proposing to wear her new costume at a soiree dansante, had found the square of cambric with Hetty's monogram worked on it, and demanded to know how it came there.

Dawson, always nervous, had soon been frightened into a confession, and Miss Carby, put out of temper by learning from her glass that the delicate tint so becoming to a fresher face than hers did not suit a complexion injured by cosmetics and tight lacing, lashed herself into a fury.

No one would have suspected, who had not been behind the scenes, and who saw her sweet and smiling reception of Sir Charles, how that day's work opened his eyes to her true disposition, and lost her the lover her beauty had fascinated. Nor did the young lady herself discover this for some time to come.

It was a sorrowful winter for Hetty Denver. Her brother could ill afford the additional expense of maintaining her, and permitted her to see that he thought her to blame; first for losing her situation, and secondly for not being able to get another without the testimonial she was refused.

Nor had she the consolation of telling her troubles to the pleasant young fellow whose wife she had promised to become as soon as prudence sanctioned the step; for Ned Hardress had just lost his berth through the bankruptcy of his employers and was engaged in the long and arduous struggle of obtaining another.

When the lovers met, it was with forced smiles and anxious hearts. Hetty was secretly selling, one by one, the new pretty ornaments she had inherited from her mother, and Ned was meditating, as a last resource, a steerage passage to New Zealand, when suddenly the sun shone through the clouds.

A large landowner in the Highlands was in want of an active, well-educated man, to relieve of some of his duties the steward, who had grown old and infirm in his service.

"How Mr. MacCullum heard of me I cannot imagine," cried Ned. "I tried to find out, but he only smiled, and said it didn't signify. I am to commence my duties at once. But don't look so downcast, my Hetty! Going to Elgin doesn't mean a separation, for Mr. MacCullum prefers married men; he think they are steadier. And as he says it would be very expensive for me to take goods from London, he will furnish the house I am to occupy. Such a pretty one, my darling! I went over it with him, and thought of you the while—so fix the day, and I will buy the ring."

Hetty made a few faint objections on the score of not being able to afford the expense of wedding clothes at present, but these scruples were scattered to the winds by the receipt of an envelope containing notes for fifty pounds, endorsed "for the trousseau."

It could not be the gift of the Carbys, in a day or two a large parcel arrived for Hetty, containing a modest stock of household linen from Mrs. Carby, and a dress length of fawn cashmere from her husband, besides pretty and useful presents from every one in the house, save Julia, down to the youngest child.

Pinned to the dress there was a note from Mrs. Carby, evidently dictated by her fear of affronting her step-daughter, as it coupled with her kindly wishes for the happiness of the bride entreaty that no acknowledgment of the said gifts might be sent.

Six months elapsed before Ned Hardress learned that person who recommended him to the post he fills with such satisfaction to Mr. MacCullum, as well as himself, and the generous donor of Hetty's trousseau, were one and the same, i. e., Sir Charles Vinson.

That gentleman has married at last, and when he comes to the Highlands, he brings his bride to see Hetty; but Lady Vinson's maiden name was not Julia Carby, and the beauty is still a spinster.

A CLEVER CASE OF CUT OUT.—It is many years since I fell in love with Jane Jerusha Skeggs, the handsomest country girl by far that ever went on legs. By meadow, creek, and wood, and dell, so often we did walk, and the moonlight smiled on her melting lips, and the night winds learned our talk. Jane Jerusha was all to me, for my heart was young and true, and loved with a double and twisted love, and a love that was honest, too.

I roamed all over the neighbors' farms, and I robbed the wildwood bowers, and I tore my trousers and scratched my hands in search of choicest flowers. In my joyous love I bought all these to my Jerusha Jane; but I wouldn't be so foolish now, if I were a boy again.

A city chap then came along, all dressed up in fine clothes, with a shiny hat and shiny vest and a moustache under his nose. He talked to her of singing schools (for her father owned a farm), and she left me, the country love, and took the new chap's arm. And all that night I never slept, nor could I eat next day, for I loved that girl with fervent love that nought could drive away.

I strove to win her back to me, but it was all in vain; the city chap with the hairy lip married Jerusha Jane. And my poor heart was sick and sore until the thought struck me, that just as good fish still remained as ever was caught in the sea.

So I went to the Methodist church one night, and saw a dark brown curl peeping from a gipsy hat, and I married that very girl. And many years have passed and gone, and I think my loss gain; and I often bless that hairy chap that stole Jerusha Jane.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.—"I called at a dentist's office to-day," said a western congressman. "I had a hollow tooth that ached a good deal, so I thought I'd have it upholstered; but the dentist advised me to have it drawn instead of filled, saying that the process was almost painless and the satisfaction complete. I yielded to his argument with fear and trembling. I had never had a tooth pulled since I was a boy, and the memory of my last experience in that line was enough to give a person bad dreams.

"I was surprised at the ease with which the fang was extracted and the almost complete absence of pain. After that I'll rather enjoy having teeth drawn. It was widely different when I was a boy, though. I remember the village dentist quite well. When he wasn't removing molars he was shoeing horses. He was a large man, and the muscles of his brawny arms were strong as iron bands. He used no anæsthetics.

"He simply throttled his victim and inserted a pair of tongs into the unfortunate's mouth, and then he breathed hard and pulled until the tooth came out or the tongs broke or he sprained his wrist. He generally extracted three or four sound teeth before he captured the aching one, but he was liberal and made no extra charges. Oh, I tell you, the world has advanced since I was a boy, and in nothing more than dentistry," and the congressman removed his spectacles in order that he might see the paper he held in his hand.

ROSA DONATUM, who died at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, a few days ago, had been bedridden, it is said, for 38 years. The deceased was remarkable for her memory and intelligence. When she was nine years old she was stricken down, and from that time never left her bed. After a time her feet became locked one upon the other and knitted together, the right being concealed beneath the left. Her hands were without palms, and four bits of boneless flesh six inches long on the right wrist and three on the left were her fingers. Her head was abnormally large, and her hair long, and her face and eyes expressive. She was also dwarfed by the disease, and at the time of her death was but three feet in height.

"Good morning, doctor." "Hullo, Satterlee; you look worried. What's the matter?" "Oh, my daughter's just home from college, and——" "Ah, those colleges! They're playing the deuce with our girls. What is it, overwork, eyes used up? Hope 'tisn't spinal curve——" "Oh, no, doc; nothing of the kind. But he's only seventeen years old, and she's got—views!"

A CITY clergyman is arguing to the Baptist ministers that women had no right, according to the Scriptures, to preach. But women that have anything to say that is worth hearing, whether in or out of the pulpit, will have no trouble in getting a hearing.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Dogs are slaughtered for culinary purposes in considerable numbers at Munich. The friend of man comes to table not only disguised as sausages, but dressed in various forms, and with divers sauces, without any attempt to resort to incognito. This departure in gastronomy is said to have been introduced by Italian laborers who have settled in the Bavarian capital.

An Italian laborer of Detroit, Michigan, missed $32 the other day, and after looking all over the house, came to the conclusion that his dog must have swallowed it, especially as on examination he found a large piece of one of the bank notes adhering to his teeth. Accordingly the dog was sacrificed and a post-mortem was held, with the result of finding all the missing money in the animal's stomach. The bills were all torn into pieces, but those were carefully fitted together and forwarded to the Treasury for redemption.

Joseph Gillott, a member of the well-known firm of makers of steel pens, who is at present visiting this country, says that a steel pen will last for months with careful use. "If your pen gets scratchy and doesn't write well," he further asserts, "don't cast it aside for a new one. That is folly. The pen is not worn out, but simply tired. Give it a rest for a day or two; then hold it in a gaslight for perhaps fifteen seconds, not longer, and resume your writing. If you are not pleasantly surprised at the results, I'll eat myself down as a poor prophet."

Cautions have been issued by the Imperial Health Office of Berlin with regard to the use of ice. Investigation has shown that the ice of commerce sold at Berlin contains micro-organisms that are dangerous to health, and the conclusion has been arrived at that illnesses frequently observed after iced drinks have been taken have probably less to do with the coldness of the drink than with the disease germs contained in the ice. The public have consequently been warned to eschew drinks and food which have become dangerous to health in the manner suggested.

"Coffee drinking to excess is getting more and more common in the city," says a writer in a St. Louis paper. Hundreds of customers comes in five or six times a day, drink off a cup of coffee and go out without eating anything. Coffee is evidently used by these as a meat as well as a beverage, for from the frequency of their visits it is very evident they do not get a meal between breakfast and supper, which, it is presumed, they eat at home. The habit is evidently a very injurious one, for not one of the habitual coffee drinkers is healthy, nearly all being nervous and sickly. Some of them carry the habit so far that they even go to two or three restaurants in the course of their rounds.

Evidently the London Statist appreciates us. "The American people," it says, "are descended from, economically, the most effective race in the world. They settled in the States, taking with them a highly developed civilisation and habits of law and order confirmed through many generations. They have half a continent at their command, there is even yet a vast amount of unoccupied soil, there is a diversified climate, there are resources almost limitless, and there is absolutely no enemy they have cause to fear. Except to maintain internal order they are free at this moment to disband their army and navy, certain that no foreign foe will attack them. The world has never seen a people so happily circumstanced, with such marvellous opportunities for progress and improvement."

A writer in the open letter department of the Century asks why in literature there are no lady humorists. He then goes on to answer this question by explaining that from childhood man finds the sawdust dropping out of everything, and soon discovers the worthlessness of much that passes for valuable. Therefore he learns to smile and say, "Is it not absurd?" instead of allowing his passion for something to adore override his growing desire for truth. But, on the other hand, a woman's idols are so much a part of her life that, when they are broken, she cannot snap her fingers nor seek mirth as an avenue of escape. Women may possibly grow satirical, but satire is only a form of humor. "When life ceases to be in some way holy, or at any rate ideal, then woman's creative faculty terminates," says the writer. "She ends where a man's talent as a humorist begins."

Our Young Folks.

DICK'S DEFEAT.

BY R. R.

I'LL teach you to tell me a falsehood again! You want one licking for what I know you've done, and another for saying that you didn't do it."

Here the speaker made a small whip which he held in his hand curl round the legs of the object of his anger, a slight fair-haired boy, who was crouching before his tormentor. The elder boy was Dick Redmond, a thick-set, bullet-headed lad, with small black eyes and a slouching figure. The younger boy was little Douglas Ford, one of the most popular youngsters at Willowby School.

"I tell you I know nothing about it," Douglas said in a quivering voice, his eyes fast blinding with tears. "I was only in the fifth class-room by chance."

"And I tell you again it's not true what you say!" exclaimed Redmond, his anger rising every moment; "and I'll make you confess it, too, before I've done with you."

He caught hold of Ford's arm as he spoke, and began slowly twisting it round like a screw, until the little boy writhed with pain under the torture.

Young reader, have you ever undergone that particular species of torture at the hands of a school bully? I have; and I carry a vivid recollection of the agony till this day. Up to this, Douglas Ford had refrained from retorting angrily to anything his tormentor had said, but now he could stand it no longer.

"You brute! you great brute!" burst from his trembling lips.

"Oh, I'm a brute, am I? Then you want a lesson in manners too."

Once more the thin thong of the whip twined itself round Ford's legs with a stinging, burning feeling, and he crouched and huddled himself against the open gate of the school ground where the incident which I am describing took place.

Again Redmond lifted the whip in act to strike, when a figure suddenly sprang through the gateway: a neatly directed blow fell on the bully's cheek, and he reeled back against the wall.

"You coward! you skulking cur! Not a new boy comes to the school but you find some excuse for bullying him."

The new arrival was Cyril Dennis, a sixth-form boy. Redmond recovered his feet, and with clenched hands scowled at Dennis. He was boiling over with anger.

"What business is it of yours? You are always setting yourself up in this way, Cyril Dennis. I won't stand it, so I tell you!"

"Then I expect you'll have to sit it, if you speak to me like that again I'll knock you down; so make no mistake about that."

"You'll hear about this again. I'll pay you out for it in some way," Redmond almost shrieked.

"The sooner you try that, the sooner you'll get the thorough thrashing you deserve," Cyril answered coolly, as Redmond slunk away, with lowered head and a rage for revenge burning in his heart.

"What's it all about?" Cyril said, turning to little Ford, who had now risen to his feet.

"Why, I was in the fifth class-room," Douglas said, his voice still trembling. "Harry Grier sent me to look for something for him. Redmond came in, went to his looker, and found his map for this week covered with ink. He said he'd left it on his desk for the paint to dry a quarter of an hour before, that he did not believe anybody had been in the room since, and that I must have spilt the ink on it. I never saw the map till Redmond showed it to me, and I know nothing about how it happened—upon my word, I do not. But he would not believe me."

"Well, I believe you, Douglas. But it it's not one thing, it's another with Redmond. It seems to be a perfect pleasure to him to be teasing or bullying someone. If he tries any more of his dirty tricks with you, just let me know. I'll speak to some more of the sixth form fellows about him too, and we'll see if we can't hit on some plan to put a stop to his bullying."

Later on that day a small group of boys were seated under the willow-trees that bordered the playground of Willowby School. The brief twilight was by this time fast darkening into night.

"I'll be even with him yet, you'll see," Dick Redmond was saying in an angry voice. "I wonder who he thinks himself? And it was not the least business of his."

"But are you sure you're quite right about little Ford having done it?" said Jack Farquhar.

"Who else could it be?" answered Redmond, with increased heat. "I hadn't been out of the room for a quarter of an hour, and I know all the fifth class were on the cricket ground. Ford is a little liar and a little sneak, and if he thinks he's gained anything by to-day's work he'll find he's mistaken."

"What nonsense you're talking, Dick!" said Sydney Harrald. "Your temper doesn't improve, my boy. Little Ford has hardly been at the school a year, and there isn't a nicer youngster in it."

"Why can't you leave the kids alone?" said Farquhar. "You're always down on them in some way or other."

"It's all very well for you fellows to talk," replied Redmond, "but if any of you had taken a fortnight over a map and then got it spoilt by some kid's carelessness, you wouldn't be so cool about it."

Dick Redmond was one of the best map-drawers in the school, and really did beautiful work of this sort. It was one of the very few kinds of school-work that he took any interest in.

At this moment another figure strolled up and joined the group. It was Ernest France. He had been seated only a little way off, but concealed from the other boys behind the trunk of a large willow. He lounging up carelessly, with a bat over his shoulder, the handle of which he had been engaged in splicing. He was a tall lean boy, with a long face, which would have been unusually grave for a boy but for the twinkle in the eyes and a funny wrinkle in the corners of the mouth.

"Couldn't help hearing what you fellows were talking about," he began, in a slow drawling tone. "Was just alongside there, behind the big willow. Wasn't much interested at first, till I caught some words from Dick here about a map, you know. Think I can explain matters. I owe you an apology, Dick. Meant to tell you before, but it clean passed out of my head. I am to blame about your map. It was purely accident, but still I am to blame.

"It happened this way. After the fifth form left the schoolroom at recess to-day, Joe Fleetwood began chevying me round the schoolground—some tomfoolery between us. I ran into the school again, and then into the class-room. We had a steeplechase over the desks, I first, Joe following hot-foot. I never saw your map spread out on your desk till I was right on top of it. I came down such a smasher on the desk that the ink-pot jumped out of its socket, and spilt over your map. I put it in your looker, as the ink was running through into the desk. And that's the whole story. I'm awfully sorry, for I know what a lot of trouble you take over your maps. But it was purely accident; and little Ford had no more to do with it than this cricket-bat."

Dick Redmond had heard France's explanation with mingled feelings, but all angry ones: first, anger that he had made a mistake about Ford and now anger against Ernest France. In fact, he was angry with everybody, including himself.

"It was very clumsy of you, anyhow, and pretty mean of you not to come and tell me before," he burst out.

France was a boy with a wonderful control over himself, and he now answered, in a tone which only told his change of temper by its coldness—

"With most fellows, Redmond, when one makes a full apology for what was, at best, an accident, it is enough. But you have always been curious in these things. I've got no more to say on the matter, except just this: if you try to take it out of little Ford for this business, and work your temper off on him, some of us will do our best to make it very uncomfortable for you for the rest of the half. Now, when you've cooled down a bit you can turn that over in your mind."

All the Difference.—A countryman walked into the office of a lawyer one day, and began his application—

"Sir, I have come to get your advice in a case that is giving me some trouble."

"Well, what is the matter?"

"Suppose now," said the client, "that a man had a spring of water on his land, and his neighbor living below should build a dam across the stream running through both farms, and it was to back the water up into the other man's spring, what ought to be done?"

"Sue him, sir; sue him, by all means," said the lawyer, who always became excited in proportion to the grievance of his client. "You can recover heavy damages, sir, and the law will make him pay well for it. Just give me the case, and I'll extract the money from him—"

"But stop," cried the terrified applicant for legal advice; "it is I who have built the dam, and it's my neighbor Jones who owns the spring; and he threatens to sue me."

The keen lawyer hesitated a moment before he tacked his ship, and went on—

"Ah! well, sir, you say you built a dam across. What sort of a dam was it, sir?"

"It was a mill dam."

"And it is a good mill?"

"So it is, sir."

"It is a mill for grinding corn?"

"Yes, sir."

"And all your neighbors bring their corn to be ground, do they?"

"Yes, all but Jones."

"Then, sir, it is a great public convenience, is it not?"

"To be sure it is. I would never have built it, only for that."

"And now," said the old lawyer, "you tell me that man, Jones, is complaining just because the water from the dam happens to put back into his little spring, and he is now threatening to sue you? Well, all I have to say is, let him sue, and he will rue the day as sure as my name is Barnes."

An Underground River.—The people of Plainfield, N. J., are greatly puzzled at the discoveries made by the Plainfield Water Supply Company, and wonder what sort of floating municipality they live in.

For a week the company has been endeavoring, by crucial tests, to determine the exact magnitude of its water supply. The water is procured from driven wells at Netherwood.

All of the powerful pumps at the pumping station have been kept steadily at work, day and night, for a week, in vain attempts to lower the level of water in the wells.

In spite of the fact that the company has been supplying each day many hundreds of thousands of gallons to consumers, and has poured to waste from its mains into brooks 4,000,000 gallons each day, there has been no diminution of the supply, and further investigation has established the fact that the wells actually tap a vast underground river flowing from northeast to southwest directly under the city, many feet below.

Soundings have been taken, and other tests have been made, and it is now announced by competent engineers that a stream of extraordinary extent actually exists under the city.

It has a swift current, and sweeps over a bed of beautifully white, smooth pebbles. The quality of the water is of the purest, and the supply is practically inexhaustible.

The tests set at rest all doubt on this score, and mains are to be extended to the various towns of the neighborhood and to Elizabeth City.

Girdle of Marie Louise.—This coiture, presented to her by the first Napoleon, was made of gold, the design being classic, of the style of the Emperor, formed of two narrow bands of open work set with pearls in the form of the Greek honeysuckle at the edges, and joining at the centre with a large antique onyx cameo of Apollo and a Muse, from which hangs a long pendant, increasing in width down to the lowest edge, where it is ornamented with five imperial crowns, each having a tassel of loose pearls. The pendant, being flexible, is made of broad, open work links of two patterns, repeated alternately and gradually larger from the waist downwards. The one of these is a sort of true lovers' knot, enclosing a wreath with a star of gold; the other, a wreath with the Napoleon Bee; the edges ornamented throughout with honeysuckle ornament in pearls set a jour, giving the utmost elegance and finish to this beautiful girdle.

Boy-and-Girl Marriage.—Pepys records in his Diary that "a Bluecoat boy and girl were each left a fortune by two wealthy citizens. The extraordinariness of this occurrence led some of the magistrates to carry it to a match, which ended in a public wedding—he in his habit of blue satin, led by two of the girls, she in blue with apron green and petticoat yellow, all of sarsenet, led by two of the boys of the house, through Cheapside to the Guildhall Chapel, where they were married by the Dean of St. Paul's, she being given away by the Lord Mayor. The wedding dinner was kept in the Hospital Hall." The date of this juvenile wedding was September 20, 1656.

The Electric Omnibus.—The electric omnibus is coming—with pneumatic tires, too. Weight, 7000 pounds. Heavy, rather, but then, the inventors say, this 'bus carries its own horses, and on a smooth pavement, with broad pneumatic tires, it will do very well. They have them in London.

Miss B. (at the piano)—"I can tell you, we Chicago people believe in making the most of this life." Miss S.—"Yes? To what do you refer particularly?" Miss B.—"Why, you know that in heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

One ton of coal yields 10,000 feet of gas.

Boston is said to be the favorite city for tramps.

Aluminum slate pencils are among the latest inventions.

The editor of a Missouri paper takes 'possums on subscriptions.

Aluminum horseshoes are being used with great success in Russia.

Paris boasts of the largest and most complete sewers in the world.

The town of Forsyth, Missouri, is 50 years old, and never had a church.

Germans are said to constitute 55 per cent. of the population of Indiana.

The city of New York cares for 18,000 lunatics, at a cost of $25,000 a year.

The rice crop in the South this year is reported to be exceptionally large.

More divorces are granted in the United States than in all the rest of the world.

California roses contain 20 per cent. more perfume than those grown anywhere else.

All the gold in the world could be stored in a room 24 feet square and 24 feet deep.

Two hundred and eighty-nine bull fights have taken place in Spain during the present year.

A Western cattleman claims that hungry and thirsty cattle sometimes deliberately eat salt.

A St. Louis paper offers a prize of one dollar a day for errors discovered in its advertising columns.

Out of London's 5,000,000 inhabitants more than 900,000 earn less than three shillings a family per day.

Every student at the Chicago University is compelled to take at least one hour of physical exercise every day.

A Topeka, Kansas, policeman walks so little that he has worn only one pair of shoes in the last three years.

The wife of Jacobus Decker, of Pike county, Penna., is said to have recently given birth to a son who weighed 20 pounds.

Furniture manufacturers have cut six inches off the width of the standard "double bed." It was formerly five feet wide.

The Russian Government is building on the Clyde several vessels, with iron cages for the transportation of political prisoners in them.

H. H. Hogmire, of Fennoville, Mich., claims to have mined off a small piece of ground during the past season $540 worth of peppermint.

After "doing sums" for years Sir Archibald Geikie, [illegible], has come to the conclusion that the world is between 75,000,000 and 750,000,000 years old.

Following is the yell of the Central University, Kentucky: Hoo-ray, hoo-ray, Kowax, Kowax, Brackety, Kax, Kowax, Kowax, Woo-oop, Woo-oow, Rah-rah-rah-C. U., Ky.

An Arab test of a good horse is that he must stand erect upon his legs when drinking from a shallow pool. Observation will prove that but few horses reach the standard.

A mule, the property of W. H. Orr, of Coweta county, Ga., has a peculiar penchant for eating tails, and will gnaw the tail of every calf that comes within reach. A regular cow-eta mule, as it were.

A decision lately rendered in an English court, it is reported, gives a man a right to sue a clergyman when the latter induces the former's wife to go to church instead of staying at home and cooking his dinner.

Judge Shepard, who was lately appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and who is said to be the youngest man that ever held that position, began life as a telegraph operator in Washington, D. C.

A Norwich, Connecticut, hunter experienced a queer incident the other day. He fired at a partridge that was flying towards him in the air and shot it, and the dead bird fell into his hands, it is said, so that he caught it by the legs.

A judge on the English bench told the jury in a murder trial at Yorkshire recently that it was his opinion "if one man called another a liar a slight blow in retaliation is justifiable." He added: "This may be new law, but it is common sense."

Diphtheria has been communicated among the school children of Detroit, Mich., according to the statement of a physician of that city, by reason of an exchange of lead pencils which each of the children had been accustomed to touch to the lips on an average of 40 times a day.

Chrysanthemum salad is the latest fad at the London West End. It is claimed that the flowers are eaten plain, with oils and vinegar, boiled with butter, or mixed with truffles and cloves and steamed. Chrysanthemum flowers as an article of food are said to have been long in use in Japan, from where the London fad is probably taken.

HER.

BY W. W. LONG.

The dusky hair that wreaths her brow,
With royal beauty crowns her there;
And I would pledge my soul to dame,
To once unbind her dusky hair.

From all the world she stands apart,
No man may kiss her hand;
But I have kissed her perfect mouth,
Because her soul I understand.

MEN AND THEIR MONEY.

In the modern race for wealth men are impelled by rivalries impossible in the Middle Ages, though these have bequeathed to us—according to M. Renan—but one instance of a man perfectly free from "the leprosy of acquisition."

Sir John Lubbock, however, has given us a nearer example; for, travelling a few years ago in Switzerland, he paid a visit to a distinguished archæologist whose income he found to be only $100 a year, part of which the savant expended upon the maintenance of a small museum.

"He valued his leisure and opportunities far more than silver or gold, and would not waste any of his time in making money."

The money-making faculty may be regarded as a special gift, not necessarily of a very high order. The history of the so-called "Bonanza Kings" of Colorado is a striking commentary upon the abuse of the genuine spirit of enterprise.

Absolute inaptitude for business was their most general characteristic. Rich to-day, almost "beyond the dreams of avarice," their improvidence was such that a few months often sufficed to bring them to absolute beggary.

Another American millionaire, whose wealth was admitedly due to high qualities of commercial sagacity and integrity, has complained of being completely enslaved by his money. "With financial success come cares, responsibilities, and trials innumerable, and there is no escaping them. A rich man ought to be judged pretty generously. He has a great deal more to contend with than people who are not rich are apt to suppose."

These, however, are extreme cases, and the pecuniary pleasantries which so often reveal human idiosyncracies lie, as a rule, much nearer the surface.

Fontenelle has left us a characteristic story of the trait of "closeness" in money matters, not the less effective for the wit with which it is told. On one occasion, at a sitting of the French Academy, the Abbe Reignier, its secretary, made a collection in his hat of one pistole from every member to defray the current expenses.

The Abbe did not observe that the president, who was a very avaricious man, had put his pistole into the hat, and presented it to him a second time.

"I have given already," said he. "I believe it, but I did not see it," replied the Abbe. "And I," said Fontenelle, who was by his side, "saw it, but did not believe it."

Perhaps what are known as "windfalls" have been more ruinous to multitudes of people than twice the same number of difficulties or misfortunes. It seems to be the common destiny of the windfall to drop at the feet of the persons least prepared to profit by it.

A story to the point is told by a former Speaker of the House of Commons. He had an excellent servant, a butler, who having drawn a prize of 3000l. in the lottery asked for his discharge, on the understanding that his master would, if he so desired, take him back at the end of a twelvemonth. The butler's great ambition was to live "like a gentleman" for one year of his life, and he succeeded in giving effect to it, to the extent of running through all his money.

Anecdotes of thrift are not always edifying. They too often disclose a philosophy which fancies that it is attaining an end, when it is simply gratifying a temperament. A life passed in incessant savings and perpetual self-denials, with a remote and not always realizable object in view, has been compared to the perversity of a man who should persist throughout his whole existence in training for a match that was never to come off.

When the Romans exalted the quality of frugality, they honored all the complementary virtues of which they regarded it as the type.

But Horace's friend Tigellius, who one week exhibited contempt for everything but the barest necessaries of life, spent a thousand pounds on its luxuries in the next—a feat which may well be described in Johnson's graphic words as "passing through the quagmire of parsimony into the gulf of ruin."

"He who has fewest wants," says an ancient sage, "comes nearest to the gods;" but this is true only of those whose standard of "wants" is created by simplicity of taste and not by sordidness of disposition.

The descent to the level of the absolute miser is a facile one, and those who have made it bear in all ages the closest resemblance to each other.

Almost without exception, misers have delighted in the sight and touch of their material hoards. The mere knowledge of riches is nothing to the debased appetite that craves for daily communication with its idol. Banknotes are concealed in beds and mattresses and gold beneath the flooring of their hovels.

Dicheanus, who claimed descent from the Byzantine Emperors, was called a "splendid miser," for he lived surrounded by the abounding evidences of wealth, while practising in secret all the depressing mortifications of the most sordid spirit.

Centuries remove but they cannot divide him from the modern, and, perhaps, more squalid example. An old woman, arrested some time since in Dublin for begging, always carried her possessions about with her. These included no less than a quarter of a hundred-weight of silver and copper money, $120 in gold, and over $300 in bank notes. In addition were found 20 potatoes and a quart of peas, so that this strange creature was a kind of walking compendium of wealth and of necessity.

THE following epigrammatic quatrain was written by a well-known bachelor-poet in a lady's album—"All honor to woman, the sweetheart, the wife, The delight of the fireside by night and by day, Who never does anything wrong in her life, Except when permitted to have her own way."

Grains of Gold.

The Christian who never smiles has a great deal to answer for.

There is no wealth like unto knowledge, for thieves cannot steal it.

Every step the wicked man takes is a step toward his own destruction.

The man who runs from trouble will never find time to stop and rest.

The height of ability consists of a knowledge of the value of things.

It does not take an eloquent tongue to give a pleasant sound to good news.

Resolutions taken without thought may bring disasters without remedy.

To speak harshly to a person, is like striking a harpsichord with your fists.

The fact that a man wants more knowledge is proof that he has some already.

If you would hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly.

If you can bear all your small trials you will never break down under your great ones.

There ought to be more religious people who are religious when things don't go right.

There are reformers who never think it worth while to work at their trade on themselves.

It always makes a bad man feel better when he finds out that there is somebody else just like him.

If guilt makes such cowards of us before men, what will we be when we have to stand before God?

Femininities.

The bonds of matrimony are never lacking in interest.

There are said to be 400 industries in New Orleans in which women labor.

True goodness shines most when no eyes except those of heaven are upon it.

It may take 68 measurements to constitute a beautiful woman; but one span about the waist makes a happy man.

Worrying about things we can't help is as foolish as throwing stones at the sun when its shining doesn't suit us.

Rosalie: "Is your fiance generous?" Grace: "Well, I should say so. He's just mortgaged his house to buy me a ring."

A flirt is like a dipper attached to a hydrant; every one is at liberty to drink from it, but no one desires to carry it away.

A needle is most easily threaded when the end of the cotton which came off the spool first is thrust through the needle's eye.

Her father: "What! You—you marry my daughter?" Bertie: "Yeth; why not? You don't know anything against her, do you?"

An Australian engineer intends carrying passengers from Vienna to Perth by an electric engine, at the rate of 125 miles an hour.

Tramp: "Please, lady, kin I have a fit on your lawn? I feel it a-coming." Lady: "Go around the back and have it on my daughter's new tennis court. It needs rolling."

At a country ball. "My dear sir, you have just stepped on my partner's foot. I demand satisfaction." "Oh! certainly; yonder sits my wife—go and step on her foot."

Wife: "Jack, why do you persist in such habitual profanity? You promised me that you would abstain from the vile habit." Husband: "And I will, my dear! I am swearing off now."

The women of Zurich, Switzerland, have won a great victory. They have secured the suppression of the "Thierbuch," a publication which revealed their ages, occupations, descendants, etc.

Kate: "Ah, Laura, you don't know what you miss by not coming to dance." Laura: "Don't I? I've had five proposals already this season through sitting out dances in the conservatory."

The Rev. Mary T. Whitney has been installed as pastor of the Unitarian church of West Somerville, Mass. She is a New Yorker, her maiden name was Trafford, and she is descended from an old Huguenot family.

"How do you like your new cook?" "Oh, so so. She is very dirty, she has no idea of cooking, and she smashes everything around her, but still she has one good and rare quality." "What is that?" "She stays with us."

A pleasant odor for rooms is obtained from branches of the Norway spruce, arranged in a vase with water. In a few days tender, pale green branches feather out, soft and cool to the touch, giving the delightful health-giving odor.

More than 6000 women in the United States act as postmasters. The largest number in one State, 663, is in Pennsylvania, and 420 in Virginia. There are 336 in Ohio, 303 in New York, 216 in Georgia, 210 in Texas and 200 in Kentucky. Alaska has only one.

An old maid's insurance company has been opened in Denmark. Spinsters can insure themselves by a small sum on reaching the age of thirteen, and if still unmarried at forty are entitled to regular allowance. If they marry, however, they forfeit all claim.

The divorce contagion has reached Kaffirland. Not long ago a chief invoked the assistance of the law to enable him to dispense with a wife on the following grounds of complaint: "Wife talk too much with neighbors; too much paint face and eyebrows; too much snore in sleep; too much lose; and too much no good."

Electricity is employed in a Berlin cafe to boil coffee. A platinum wire passes in spiral form through several glass jars, the electrical current quickly raising the water contained to boiling point, and the coffee is thus prepared in the view of any one in the room. A small electric railway conveys the coffee to the several tables so that the guests may help themselves to their liking.

A modest and small-sized man occupied a seat on an electric car. A robust woman, who clung to a strap directly in front of him, looked at him reproachfully now and then till he could stand it no longer. Finally he said to her: "Madam, I would cheerfully give up my place to you, but in my judgment you would not be able to sit where I am sitting." She said it was all right, and cheerfully waited till somebody got up and made it possible for the slim man to move along.

Though some of the photographs of the ex-Empress Eugenie represent her as wearing a widow's cap, she has rarely worn one. She once tried to do so, out of respect to the example of Queen Victoria, her best friend, but the milliner's woeful emblem did not suit her style of beauty and she gave up the attempt. Now, at more than sixty years of age, she goes capless when indoors, contenting herself for the absence of the cap with a suitable arrangement of her silvery hair.

Masculinities.

Leonard Getchell, of Winslow, Maine, owns a wallet which he claims is 110 years old.

When either side grows warm with argument, the wisest man gives over the first.

A judge at Cheyenne, Wyoming, it is said, has a record of 80 divorce decrees in 40 minutes.

A well-known doctor states that only in one case out of fifteen are both eyes in good condition.

There is a shepherd at Monor, Hungary, who is reported to be 105 years old, and still attends to his flock.

Anna Bataillard, who recently put up at a hotel in New York city, is said to measure 7 feet 10 inches in height.

According to life insurance statistics the average of man's life has increased 5 per cent. during the last 25 years.

A dental scientist declares that decay of the teeth is due to a contagious germ, which is often communicated by kissing.

Tiburzi, an uncaptured Italian bandit, who died of old age recently, is said to have been sentenced to death 37 times.

A horse is like a man. The way to his heart is through his stomach. Put a bit in his mouth and he will do almost anything for you.

It is reported that A. J. Atwater, of Chicago, boasts that he can, with a bow and arrow, kill 15 out of 20 birds liberated from a trap.

In the House of Representatives the man with the largest name is Archibald Henderson Arrington Williams, of North Carolina.

James McVeigh, of Waycross, Georgia, is 87 years old. He has 23 children living. He claims that he has never been sick a day in his life.

When the Grand Duke Paul of Russia travels, he carries his bed with him. He is so tall that no ordinary bed will enable him to stretch his legs.

Jones: "I see you are bringing up your boy to attend church regularly." Smith: "Yes; I want to train him to take his mother on Sunday mornings."

Mr. Gladstone never wastes time. He invariably reads some new book whenever he has to wait for a person with whom he has made an engagement.

He: "When you come right down to it you must confess that all men were created equal." She: "I dare say, inasmuch as Adam was the only man created."

Henry Kook, 63 years old, took out a marriage license recently at Kalamazoo, Michigan, to marry his sixth wife. He is said to be the father of 19 children.

William Ridenour, 75 years of age, and Mrs. Julia Spangler, 72 years of age, both of Washington township, Carroll county, Indiana, were recently married.

One definition. A.: "Tell me, what is an agnostic?" B.: "Why, it's a fellow that don't believe in neither doctors nor preachers as long as he is in good health."

"You appear to be honest," said the judge to the prisoner. "I guess appearances are against me, your Honor," was the frank response. "I'm a ward politician."

Old friend, playfully: "And so you married a Boston girl! Can you always understand her when she talks?" Mr. Gotham: "Well—not when she talks to the baby."

Ethel, excitedly: "He has known me only two days and he put his arm around me!" Eva: "You mean, I suppose, that he has known you two days and only put his arm around you."

An advertisement for a school teacher in an Indiana paper reads as follows: "He must be a man sound in body and intellect; not afraid to use the rod. Wages $10 per month and board around."

A Texas judge is said to have fined a lawyer for punching another lawyer in court. In order that the scales of justice might evenly balance the judge then fined the other lawyer for not punching back.

Professor Tarchanoff, of St. Petersburg, declares that music is a powerful medicine of the soul, and that medical science of the future will not fail to recognize and exploit its great therapeutic value.

Many of the so-called hotel bell boys in this country are fathers, and some are grandfathers. San Francisco lays claim to three who are over 50 years of age, one of whom recently retired from business rich.

Rejected lovers in Kiev, Russia, have their revenge by means of a species of charivari, in which they invite all the young men of the neighborhood to assist them and make at least one night hideous for their cold sweethearts.

When a man leaves our side and goes to the other side he is a traitor, and we always felt that there was a subtle something wrong about him. But when a man leaves the other side and comes over to us, then he is a man of great moral courage, and we always felt that he had sterling stuff in him.

The Old Clock.

BY L. S.

AND so Ellen Wilford has consented to leave her home with Stephen Lenard. No bright moon shines upon him, as he stands in the garden waiting for her. The "eyes of night" have hidden themselves, and a dull, drizzling rain patters down amongst the dry dead leaves under the old beech tree.

Oh! Stephen Lenard, Stephen Lenard! do you know that to-morrow's sun will rise upon aching hearts and bitter tears? Have you thought of the happy home and kind loving faces, from which you are luring that gentle one? Cannot those dark eyes of yours peer into the mirror of futurity, and look upon a lonely wife, pining in some gloomy barrack-chamber, hearing nothing but the coarse jests and ribald talk of the soldiery? Look again. Is that slight frame fitted to bear the wearying night marches and the horrors of a battle plain? Ay, the arm you are waving is strong and muscular, Stephen, and you think not of the time when it shall be weak and powerless as an infant's, when the lips upon which you are gazing shall call upon you in vain, when the head you are holding so near your own shall rest indeed on your bosom, and the hands you are clasping be thrown wildly round you, but the embrace shall not be returned.

And Ellen stands at the door. As she passed it, the old clock on the stairs struck twelve; the echo has died away, but its pendulum is swinging backwards and forwards with its dull, monotonous tick, tick, seeming every moment to grow louder and more solemn.

Ellen shudders; she is thinking how, since her hand has been large enough, her mother has never suffered any other to wind that clock, and how often she has gazed on its curious old face with wonder. Who will wind it to-night? and, in a tone of bitter anguish, she exclaims, "Oh! mother, mother!" But the door is open, and Stephen is there. They little think how often in the dead of night, in trial, sorrow, and even privation, will that cry go up from her heart, though it passeth not her lips. "Oh, mother, mother!" and the clock ticks on—on, through the solemn hours of night; on, through the dull sorrowful days that succeed; on, in mournful monotony through hours, and days, and years; on, and on, and on!

* * * * * *

"Ellen, my own dearest wife, do not leave me! I know you now—have known you many days, only I feared to say so. But see! I am quite calm now; do not go away from me!"

"Hush! dearest. Remember you are not to talk, not to excite yourself. You look better, dear husband, better than you have looked since the ball was extracted; you will soon be well, but——"

"Ellen, my love, my wife, come hither; put your hand in mine, and let me hold it while I tell you they are deceiving you. I shall never leave this bed alive. Nay, dearest, for my sake bear up against this. Listen to me, for my time is short, and I am weak, so very weak. I have injured you, my Ellen, but not willingly. When I think of all I have made you suffer, of the home and the loving hearts from which I took you, oh! Ellen, I could curse my own selfishness! Nay, let me speak—it was selfish and dishonorable; and now, now I am leaving you alone and unprotected, in a strange place; but I have written to your father, and oh! surely he will be merciful now— Ellen! Ellen! I am dying; forgive me—put your face down to mine once more. I cannot see you; has a cloud passed over the moon? It is very dark."

* * * * * *

Again the old clock on the stairs strikes the hour of midnight; and again its solemn echoes reverberate through the old hall. A carriage drives up—there are subdued sounds of welcome, and compassion, and love; but above all are heard, distinct in their low choking tone, the words, "Oh! mother, mother!" And they lay her where she can hear the ticking of the old clock.

She is so weak that she suffers the tears to trickle down her emaciated cheeks without an effort to wipe them away. And the clock ticks on, and the hours pass; it is night again, her pale face looks paler still in the clear cold rays of the full moon. Suddenly a cloud obscures the light, a shudder passes over her, and, turning to the loving watcher by her bedside she exclaims in that same low choking tone, "Oh, mother, mother!"

There is silence in the sick chamber, for Ellen sleeps. Suddenly her eyes open, the look of anguish has left her features, and she whispers, "I have seen him—I am going to him."

* * * * * *

Again the moon breaks forth from the clouds, and looks upon the lonely watcher in that silent room. The mother's head rises, and she gazes on the face of the sleeper; it is very pale—it is even ghastly in that solemn light, and she lays her hand upon the heart—a sharp, shrill cry of agony—a heavy fall—and the ticking of the old clock alone breaks the sombre stillness in the house of death—on through the dark hours of night—on, on, in ceaseless monotony. Those hands which had so often given it the power of continuing its vibrations, which were so strong, so full of life, were cold, and still, and powerless; the heart that had beat as regularly as its heavy pendulum was still and nerveless, yet the hands of the old clock moved round and round! The measured, pulse-ticking ceased not; its strength and power are still unabated; but the little fingers that once were strong enough to wind its heavy chain now lie withering and mouldering in the village churchyard.

MARRIAGE.—Invitations to a wedding require no answer. People with a large acquaintance cannot always invite all their friends to a wedding reception, and therefore invite all to the church.

Sometimes people who are to give a small wedding at home request an answer to the wedding invitation; in that case, of course, an answer should be sent, and people should be very careful not to ignore these flattering invitations. Any carelessness is inexcusable when so imporant an event is on the tapis.

Bridesmaids, if prevented by illness or sudden bereavement from officiating, should notify the bride as soon as possible, as it is a difficult thing after the bridal cortege is arranged to make it over. After the marriage invitations are issued, the lady does not appear in public.

Some people disapprove of displaying the wedding-gifts, and consider it ostentatious; others have a large room devoted to the display of the presents, and it is certainly amusing to examine them.

Should there be dancing at a wedding, it is proper for the bride to open the first quadrille with the best man, the groom dancing with the first bridesmaid. It is not, however, customary for a bride to dance, or for dancing to occur at an evening wedding.

After the bridal pair return from their wedding-tour, the bridesmaids each give them a dinner or a party, or show some attention, if they are so situated that they can do it. The members of the two families, also, each give a dinner to the young couple.

It is now a very convenient custom for the bride to announce with her wedding-cards two or more reception days during the winter after her marriage, on which her friends can call upon her. The certainty of finding a bride at home is very pleasing.

The young couple are not expected, unless fortune has been exceptionally kind, to be immediately responsive in the matter of entertainments. The outer world is only too happy to entertain them.

Nothing can be more imprudent than for a young couple to rush into expenditures which may endanger their future happiness and peace of mind, nor should they feel that they are obliged at once to return the dinners and the parties given to them. The time will come, doubtless, when they will be able to do so.

SAW THROUGH HIM.—It is hard for a certain class of people to understand that the successes of art are not the result of clever dexterity alone. The idea of anything like unusual and original power is quite beyond their comprehension, and they imagine that works of genius are produced by rule, as a cook makes a cake or a pudding.

A person of this kind recently called upon one of the best known of living portrait painters, and insisted on seeing him upon important business, although at the time he was engaged with a sitter. When he appeared the woman said—

"I want you to give me lessons."

"I am sorry," he said, looking at her in some surprise, "but I have not the time."

"Oh, I won't take up any time to speak of," the caller said. "I can learn very quickly, and you'll only have tell me how to do it."

"But I never take pupils," the artist said, with unmistakable decision. "I could not think of taking you."

"Oh," she said jeeringly, "I see how it is! You don't dare to give away your secret for fear it would spoil your business!"

Many prominent citizens and officials recommend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.—A writer in the North American Review gives the following list of inventions recently patented in the United States by women. But the writer has omitted from his list a large number of patents which have been granted to the fair sex, some of which have proved of considerable value to the patentees.

The writer commences his list with a spinning-machine capable of running from twelve to forty threads; a rotary loom, doing three times the work of an ordinary loom; a chain elevator; screw crank for steamships; a fire-escape; a wool feeder and weigher, one of the most delicate machines ever invented, and of incalculable benefit to every wool manufacturer; a portable reservoir for use in case of fire; a process for burning petroleum in place of wood and coal for steam generating purposes; an improvement in spark arresters, to be applied to locomotives; a danger signal for street crossings on railways; a plan for heating cars without fire; a lubricating felt for subduing friction (the last five all bearing upon railroad travel); syllable type, with adjustable cases and apparatus; machine for trimming pamphlets; writing machine; signal rocket used in the navy; deep sea telescope; method for deadening sound on elevated railways; smoke burner; bag-folding machine, etc.

Many improvements in sewing machines have been made by women—as, a device for sewing sails and heavy cloth; quilting attachments; the magic ruffler; threading a machine when it is running; an adaptation of machines for sewing leather, etc. This last was the invention of a practical woman machinist, who for many years carried on a large harness manufactory in New York city.

The deep sea telescope, invented by Mrs. Mather, and improved by her daughter, is a unique and important invention, bringing the bottom of the largest ships to view without the expense of raising them into a dry dock. By its means wrecks can be inspected, obstructions to navigation removed, torpedoes successfully sought for, and immense sums annually saved to the marine service.

A machine which, for its complicated mechanism and extraordinary ingenuity, has attracted much attention both in this country and Europe, is that for the manufacture of satchel-bottom paper bags. Many men of mechanical genius long directed their attention to this problem without success.

Miss Maggie Knight to whose genius this machine is due, it is said refused $10,000 for it shortly after taking out her patent. Miss Knight has since invented a machine doing the work, the writer says, of thirty persons in folding bags, and herself superintended the erection of the machinery at Amherst, Mass.

A SMART YOUNG LAWYER.—One of the smartest young lawyers ever yet heard of was a sprig of the law who resided in Gotham, some years since; the much loved son of a worthy descendant of old Knickerbocker.

His business was rather limited, to be sure, from causes; first, he did not love to work, and secondly, whenever he undertook a case, he proved such a very slow coach in making his returns, that customers got tired of him, and he very soon found his clients like angels visits—few and far between.

But his respected progenitor, old Hanse Van Warken, thought him a perfect prodigy; and the worthy parent was exceedingly fond of his only and hopeful heir.

A gentleman once asked the father how his son succeeded in business, and if he were smart?

"Smart?" echoed Hanse, "vel I dink he ish smart. I tell you vot he did vonce. Dat poy haves a pill to collect for a fren.' 'Te fren he come to me and ask me, Is ter poy smart?' an' I say, 'Yaw, he pe—as you shall find out, if you give him to pizziness;' dat ish, he gives 'im a leettle note to collect; vich te poy puts troo te Cort, an'—how long do you dink de poy vas apout it?"

"I don't know," said the gentleman.

"Vell, den, I tell you. He vos troo year."

"Three years!"

"Yaw. Te note vos joost seventy-tree dollars an' dirty-tree cents. Now, I say te poy ish shmart. Vot you dink he sharge for collectin' de note?"

"Couldn't say, really."

"Vell, I tells you. His pill for collectin' te note vos joost seventy-tree dollars an' dirty-tree cents! If you duzzn't call dat a shmart poy, I'd joost like to know where you find 'em?"

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"Blue and Gray" is a new monthly, published in this city, and devoted to a cultivation and strengthening of fraternal feeling between the ex-soldiers and the people of the North and South. It is a well edited, interesting and praiseworthy publication in every way.

METHODS OF VULTURES.—In the month of December in that year, as our party were ascending the gorge which leads to Petra from the Wady-el Arabah, one of our camels suddenly dropped dead, relates a writer in the London Spectator.

This was in the evening, and we returned to our camp without succeeding in our object that day.

But early next morning we started again for Petra, and on reaching the carcass of the dead camel in the early dawn we found about a dozen vultures congregated about it, some of which had already gorged themselves and were unable to fly.

Now, when the camel dropped down, none of these birds were in sight; but next morning, while the carcass was quite fresh, they have swooped down on their prey.

There could have been no smell of carrion from this carcass; but it might easily have been within sight of a bird soaring at an elevation which would have rendered it invisible to a traveler; at the same time an animal of the size of a camel lying motionless on the ground would have been easily visible to a vulture while out of sight.

In order to account for the assembling of a group of vultures in so short a time as is here indicated, while none of these birds were apparently within sight, we may suppose that the birds spread themselves at wide intervals throughout an extensive district and at a high altitude; each bird soars about, keeping a steady gaze on the ground for the carcass of some animal, at the same time being within sight of his fellows.

As soon as prey is sighted by one of the group, he swoops down toward it, and this action is a signal to the other birds that a meal is to be had where the bird descended, and they all flock down accordingly. "Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles (vultures) be gathered together."

FORBIDDEN TO LOOK AT ROYALTY.—Dr. Wills, an Englishman who lived many years in Persia, says that, until lately, it was the rule that no male person over ten years of age should be found on the road over which a royal wife or daughter was to pass. A violation of the rule was punished with death. Even now, he says, Europeans wisely avoid unpleasantness by turning aside when they hear the shouts which indicate the approach of the "palace ladies."

The late American Minister, Mr. Benjamin, made a great mistake on one occasion by neglecting this precaution. With true American simplicity, he was accustomed to ride through the streets with only one servant. Meeting the procession one day, he failed to turn out of its path. The result was that his servant was beaten and he himself was hustled into a by-road. The next day he duly lodged a complaint of this treatment; but he had to put up with the apology that, naturally, "the royal servants would not recognize a 'one-horse minister.'"

An Austrian officer of engineers, many years in the service of the Shah, was wiser in his generation. He met the late Queen-Mother and the royal ladies when he was on foot; turned his face to the wall like a native, and, as each carriage passed, deliberately saluted from the back of his head. The ladies screamed with laughter and told the Shah, who persuaded him to repeat his novel salutes, and then congratulated him on his discretion.

HIS RECORD GOOD.—In a case which was being tried the other day in a Vienna law court a cabman who drove a one-horse chariot was called as a witness. To test the trustworthiness of the evidence he was above to give, he was asked by the Judge if he had ever been punished for any misdemeanor. Witness—I was only punished one, many years ago, and that was when I was detained by the police for twenty-four hours. The Judge—You have never been sentenced to any term of imprisonment by a Judge for any very serious breach of the law? Witness—Certainly not, my lord. The Judge (shaking his head)—A cabman! And never been prosecuted? How long have you been a cabman? Witness—Since the day before yesterday. The Judge (smiling)—Ah! That will do. Let the case proceed.

A WESTERNER paper tells of a thriving settlement in Oklahoma called Tipperusalem City, and gives the following explation of its curious name: The embryo metropolis was jointly founded by a patriotic Irishman and an equally patriotic Hebrew; and each of the founders was determined that it should be named in honor of his race. After much discussion they hit upon a compromise—"Tipper" for Tipperary, and "usalem" for Jerusalem.

THE failure of Miss Victoria Ford, of Natchez, Miss., to reciprocate the love which her charms had awakened in the breast of Dr. Ralph Butterfield, late of Kansas City, Mo., led that wealthy gentleman to live a recluse from the year 1850 until his recent death.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as SOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY

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I love you, not because you are fair
Nor yet because you are wondrous wise,
Nor for the beauty of your hair,
Nor for the riddle of your eyes—

A riddle I can never read,
You sometimes angel, sometimes elf,
And not for any thought or deed,
But just because you are—yourself.

—C. S. ROSE.

"All the Go."

It is all over with the murderer when he gets to the end of his rope.

He: "May I see you home?" She: "No, but you may watch me stars."

Somebody says that a man can get roaring drunk on water. Well, so he can on land.

Whenever there is any doubt about a dog's sanity an ounce of lead is worth a pound of care.

"Did you ever suffer with the toothache?" "I never do anything else when I have it."

It is never necessary to tell the moneylender to take a little more interest in his business.

"What do you do in school, Polly?" asked Polly's aunt. "Wish I was at home," said Polly.

The beer glasses of some bars are so small that they are spoken of as temperance measures.

A wise man may be pinched by poverty, but only a fool will let himself be pinched by tight shoes.

Never borrow trouble if you can avoid doing so. But in case you must borrow it, try and get it without interest.

Justice O'Halloran: "Have you any children, Mrs. Kelley?" Mrs. Kelly: "I hav two livin' and wan married."

The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and despatch.

McWatty, at the breakfast table: "Mrs. Small, this egg has a chicken in it!" Mrs. Small: "That shows it is genuine. I never use artificial eggs."

She: "What did we do at the farm? Oh, the girls hugged the stove and the men smoked." He: "Why didn't the men hug the girls and let the stove smoke?"

Jones: "My wife never got the better of me but once."

Brown: "Lucky man! When was that?"

Jones, sighing: "When she married me."

Irate sportsman: "Confound it, you've shot the dog! I thought you told me you could hold a gun?" Pat: "Shure, and so I can, your honor. It's the shot, sir, I couldn't hould."

"Dedbrok, did you apply to old Snodgrass for a loan?"

"I did."

"How did you come out?"

"Head first."

Farmer's wife: "Why don't you go to work?"

Tramp: "I would if I had the tools."

"What sort of tools do you want?"

"Knife and fork."

She: "Dudes haven't more than half penses."

He: "Aw, Miss Hasy, are there no exceptions?"

She: "Oh, yes, Mr. Sappy; some haven't any."

"Look here, Herr Pipser, this canary you sold me the other day as a good songster hasn't opened his mouth yet." "Ah, that is because he is a proud bird. He knows that he has not been paid for yet, and on credit he does not sing."

"Burton has always said he could never fall in love with a girl who wasn't strictly proper."

"Really! Well, is his fiancee that sort?"

"Yes; he has to disguise himself as a manicure to hold her hand twice a week."

Fresh young man, to pretty typewriter: "Is this Mr. Jones' office?"

Pretty typewriter, inconically: "Next door, sir."

F. Y. M., anxious to continue conversation: "How do I get in?"

P. T.: "Turn the knob and open the door."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

We are told just now that we are in an economical period as regards dress, and that the lady who can invent new ways to wear a few clothes so that she should seem to have unlimited quantities is the heroine of her set.

We are gravely counseled by the dressmaker to be economically elegant, and how? Well, she says that fashion changes so rapidly that, basques being out, we must take those basques, which really are but elongated waists after all, and drape them around with a sort of sash in the Louis XIII style, or if it is preferred we can make the skirt come up on the outside of the waist, thus making it round. In that case a little sash drapery is necessary.

One dressmaker, who makes for the very brownest part of the upper crust of society, has evolved what she calls the available gown. The skirt is cut plain gored and trimmed around the bottom as suits the owner. It is desirable that it should have some perpendicular trimming, which on the sides rises to let the adjustable train button on and hide the buttons after. The train is trimmed in a different manner from the front. Under the train is a plain full plaited back of the same material, so that when the train is off the dress is walking length. The train fastens just between the shoulders, so as to hang Watteau fashion, and has a little rosette, under which are two stout hoops, which fasten to strong eyelets.

THE AVAILABLE GOWN.

The corsage is so arranged that it can be low or high in the neck, as one may or may not remove the chiffon gimp. If this plan were to be developed for a married lady, it would be better to have the corsage of the same material as the skirt and trimmed to correspond. Adjustable trains have always had a useful place in a lady's toilet, and it seem to me that this is a good plan to work by. It would require rather rich and stately looking material to look well for this costume.

With this gown a long wrap of shot velvet or velours du nord or of brocade would be suitable, but no jackets, coat or short wrap. So taking it all around, unless the lady has a selection of velvet or brocade wraps on hand to choose from, it wouldn't be such an economy.

Pelerines of cloth bound with handsome fur on each of their superposed capes are very dressy and handsome, and make a rich and elegant wrap for any one from grandmother down to little peach blossom.

There are many varieties of the pelerine. One of the most popular is that style worn by young girls. The capes come down to the waist line, and the collar and lapels are of fur, while the rest of the garment is like an ordinary loose coat. Some call these capolines and some pelerines, but they are equally warm and stylish, called by either name.

During the past decade more attention has been paid to suitable costumes for girls from twelve to sixteen than ever before. For plump little ones there are hundreds of different fancies, and for older ones whose figures are developed there is no end to the designs, but until lately the growing girl was not provided with raiment designed to hide her lack of figure or to make the most of the slender grace of youth.

Now there is every imaginable kind of garments that are suitable for them. The dress skirts have an arrangement of trimming that distracts the eye from undue slimness, and the waist is draped in loose folds, with deep ruffles or berthes; sashes, bows and full vest also are devoted to them. The Eton jacket is a dainty and favorite style. The Figaro jacket and the baby waist over a guimpe are pretty and often worn. Plaid, with lapels of velvet, with foot bands or perpendicular trimming, are all suitable for them for nice home or school gowns.

The colors most in vogue for young girls are green, blue, brown and mixtures, as well as small checks in the colors mentioned. Red is worn some, and so is light Havana brown, and for dressy occasions they wear the same light and delicate shades and nice light woods and silks that their elder sisters do. But they are made extremely girlish and never low necked for American girls. No American girl wears a low dress until she is really "out."

No young girl under sixteen ever wears a bonnet anywhere, or a velvet or brocade wrap or cloak. The hats differ little from those worn by young ladies and children under twelve, partaking a little of each.

The hair should be worn in a long braid until the girl is about fifteen and then tied up to form a catagan braid. The front hair can be simply banged, curled or combed plainly back.

Odds and Ends.

SOME USEFUL HINTS ON VARIOUS HOME MATTERS.

Here are some things that careful housekeepers will avoid:

Scrubbing white kitchen floors, instead of having them oiled or stained.

Using tablecloths without a Canton flannel "silence pad" under them.

Building a new fire in the kitchen range every morning during the winter.

Using mattresses without protecting them with covers of unbleached cotton cloth.

Using an old cooking stove that consumes one-half more fuel than a first-class range.

Buying single width sheeting 36 instead of 40 inches wide, and making sheets too short to tuck well under the mattress.

Cleaning floor oilcloths with a brush and soap, instead of washing them with borax water and afterwards wiping with a flannel moistened with kerosene.

The advice of a teacher to a former pupil who, having married, was having all sorts of bad luck in her household because of incompetency of servants, may be as useful to other housekeepers as it was to this one, who declares that through adopting it all her domestic troubles were eliminated. This was the advice: "To insure comfort in a home everything must work with regularity. In our house everything runs like clock work and no one is allowed to break the rules upon which our system depends. Arrange for each of your servants occupations for every hour. Write this plainly, print it if necessary, and give it to each one of your help, that there may be no misunderstanding of your orders. The first aim is to obviate all uncertainty, which is always prejudicial to a good administration. For the first month you must rule with a rod of iron. If there is the least inattention to any of your injunctions you must point to your written regulations. Let no protest make you swerve, and when the habit of doing things is once formed it is surprising to see how smoothly everything will run."

A favorite pattern in table linen this season is the golden rod either woven in as a border or in single stalks through the whole cloth. Of course, this pattern is simply brocaded in white, but yellow is now the color par excellence for the table. White richly ornamented and bordered in yellow is one of the latest fads, and this same color of gold is seen in tea sets, lamp shades, mantel and table scarfs, divans, sash curtains, screens, indeed almost everything about the house.

An excellent way to restore the brightness of tarnished brass is to dissolve in a saucer of ammonia a little of any of the scouring soaps sold. Apply with a toothbrush and polish with a bit of chamois.

In boiling pudding remember not to put the mold into a kettle full of boiling water. This is a frequent cause of sogginess in dumplings and puddings. There should be only enough water to generate a good volume of steam, but it should not boil over the mold. The kettle should be kept covered to cook the pudding evenly.

Shepherd's Pie.—Butter a small platter very thoroughly, and spread over it warm mashed potato mixed with enough milk to make it a little soft. Flute the potato round the edge of the platter with the tines of a silver fork, set it in the oven to brown; when it is as brown as pie-crust, and stiffened enough to be easily cut, pour over it a mince of cold mutton, made by cutting the meat in small bits and warming it in a little thickened gravy. This makes a delicious breakfast dish.

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Easton Flyer—5.55 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m. (24th and Chestnut sts., 8.20 p m) daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.25 p m daily.
Western Night Express—8.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.10, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 12.30 p m. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.30 p m.

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8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Catebrookdale Branch.
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11.05 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
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11.30 p m daily, Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.
SUNDAYS—9.05 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
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ROYAL BLUE LINE,

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

3.55, 8.20, 9.25, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 6.20, 8.15 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.55, 9.45, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 6.20, 8.15 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Pion er two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15, 6.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.05 a m, 12.40, 3.15, 5.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 5.10, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.10, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
9.00 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Cookbrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.30 for Reading and Pottsville.
6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4.0 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.45 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 7.30 a m. Accommodation, 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.30 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 6.30 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 5.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 2.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 8.00 8.30 8.35, 11.00 a m, 2.05, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 9.35, 1.45, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Gibbsboro, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 6.30, 8.10 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 600 South Third street, and 1530 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service. Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

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